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Tatong, the little slave



KOREAN BOYS FLYING KITES.

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TATONG,

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THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

THE LITTLE SLAVE.

A STORY OF KOREA.

BY



ANNIE MARIA BARNES,

*Author of "Ninito," "The House of Grass," "Children of the Kalahari,"
"How A-chon-ho-ah Found the Light," "Izilda," "Matouchon."*



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TO
MY FRIEND,
MRS. J. P. CAMPBELL,
EARNEST TEACHER OF THE "JESUS DOCTRINE"
AT SEOUL, KOREA.



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CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
CHAPTER I.	
THE ONE WHO CARED,	7
CHAPTER II.	
OLD KIMRI,	23
CHAPTER III.	
POOR TATONG!	36
CHAPTER IV.	
"GOD, THE FATHER,"	50
CHAPTER V.	
HOME LIFE OF THE LITTLE SLAVE,	68
CHAPTER VI.	
THE KURDONG,	82
CHAPTER VII.	
IN THE MARBLE PAGODA,	98
CHAPTER VIII.	
"THEY CAST ME OUT TO DIE,"	116
CHAPTER IX.	
THE WEDDING AT MR NI'S,	135

	PAGE.
CHAPTER X.	
THE FAITHFULNESS OF A LITTLE HEART, . . .	154
CHAPTER XI.	
ON THE SOUTH ROAD,	171
CHAPTER XII.	
"THE JESUS DOCTRINE,"	195
CHAPTER XIII.	
IN THE SHELTER OF THE BEAUTIFUL PLACE, . . .	220
CHAPTER XIV.	
CONCLUSION,	244

TATONG,

THE LITTLE KOREAN SLAVE.

CHAPTER I.

THE ONE WHO CARED.

RIGHT in the center of the quaint city of Seoül (pronounced Sa-ool), Korea, which is surrounded by a massive wall as high as a three-story house, and with its queer mud and straw dwellings that look just like a great field full of hay-ricks all tumbled together, stands the little temple in which is the big bell that is rung at the opening and closing of the gates. I say rung, but I mean struck, for it is made to give forth its sound by being pounded upon by a big beam. All around this bell temple are the stores, many of them no more than booths. Here most of the business is transacted. At any hour of the day you can find a crowd gathered. Sometimes it is so large that it is with difficulty a passage through it can be obtained. Here men, women and children come, either to buy, sell, or to gaze upon the scenes with curiosity. There

are merchants, peddlers, clerks, gentlemen, officers of the law, and even soldiers. The most of them look like ghosts stealing about, for men and women dress principally in white in Korea. Sometimes it is very difficult to tell the men from the women, so much alike is the costume. Both dress in long, big-sleeved robes somewhat like a blouse, with the tronsers showing beneath. The men wear very large, full trousers, which are wadded, as are also their socks. On their heads are immense hats of straw, bamboo or horsehair. Many of the hats are tied under the chin by means of a stiff ribbon. The shoes are principally of straw or wood. The most of them are sandals that cover but a portion of the foot, others are in shape like a shallow boat.

The stores jut out into the streets. They are very small, a large portion of them being no more than straw sheds. The Korean merchant does not make much of a display of his goods. He brings out piece by piece or article by article as you ask for it. Often you will see the merchant squatting outside his booth smoking while he waits for a customer. You must ask him for what you want before he will go to the booth.

When it is a regular market day, the streets are lined with sellers other than those in the

stores and booths. Their wares are laid out on mats spread on the ground. These merchants have for sale strings of dried pepper, Korean matches, which are nothing but shavings with their ends dipped in sulphur, dried fish, seaweed, wooden combs, skeins of cotton, cord for girdles, and the like.

Instead of purses or a money-box, each seller keeps strands of a coarse twine made of straw, on which is strung his "cash."¹

One market day, when trade was very brisk, and great streams of people were hurrying along in the direction of the bell-temple, a little girl of twelve or thereabouts came slowly down one of the narrow alley-like streets. She was going toward the market place as were the others, but, unlike the others, was not hastening. Her dress was neither clean nor neat. It was of coarse cotton goods, which had once been white, but was now so soiled and worn all whiteness had gone from it. The loose garment was fastened at the waist by a girdle of straw. The skirt of the outer garment caught her just half way between the knee and the ankle. Below it her trousers fell, while on her feet were sandals of straw.

Unlike most of the women and girls who passed her, her face was uncovered. They had

¹ Copper coins with small square holes in the center.

a kind of green coat with long sleeves, which they held up tight around their faces, only the eyes and forehead showing. But this little girl had nothing over her face. This at once proclaimed that she belonged to the lowest class, or that she was a slave. It was the latter. Poor Tatong had neither home, parents nor loved ones. She was the slave of the family of Mr. Ni, the hat-weaver. She had been picked up when an infant in an old field where she had been thrown to die. She thus, by the law of the country, became the slave of the one who found her. He could either keep her for his own use or sell her. He had kept her until she was five years old, then sold her to Mr. Ni.

Poor Tatong had had a wretched life, even more wretched than is usual in that country where woman's lot is so hard and cruel. She had known nothing all her life save hard work and ill-usage, for she had begun her life of slave labor as soon as her little hands were able to carry water for the *angpak*.¹ Blows and hard words had come even before labor had commenced. This treatment was enough to have made Tatong herself hard and sullen. But it had not altogether, for there was still within her heart a little sunspot of brightness and sweet,

¹ The great water jar kept in Korean kitchens.

good-nature. The light broke forth every now and then and shone. Yet how many bitter cries there had been, and what sad, sad times she had had brooding over her cares and her woes!

As she went along now her face had a woe-be-gone expression, yet despite this and the hard lot she had had in life, it was a pleasant face, even more, it was an attractive face. Her complexion was not so yellow as that of the Chinese or Japanese; it was more of a brunette coloring. Her nose was small and straight, and her eyes large and of a soft deep gray. Down her back in two long plaits hung her hair of a dark, reddish brown.

She held her hands clasped before her, while through a great string of the brown copper "cash" her arms were run. It was evidently a circlet of much weight though not of much value, that is, as dollars were counted, for each one of these copper coins was worth only about one-fifth of our cent; that is, it would take five hundred of them to make our dollar.

But they seemed of great value in the eyes of the little slave, for as she went along she kept close watch upon them. Well she knew what would be the consequence if any of them were lost or stolen. How could she replace even five of them? Every one had been counted before

she left on her trip to the market. She knew, to the very last copper, what she was expected to bring back for them. If she failed, then a beating would most assuredly be in store for her.

She kept much to herself, that is, as much as she could, during the walk to the market, but this was impossible where the streets were crowded. Many jostled her, a man carrying pottery on a great frame like an easel almost ran over her, then stormed at her because she had not gotten out of the way. One corner of his frame had come near catching under her string of "cash." Had it done so the straw might have been torn apart and the money scattered.

A magistrate's procession delayed her. She dared not cross in front of it, nor even between it while it was passing, though some of the riders were wide apart. Had she done so, by the law of the country, she would have been arrested and punished, perhaps flogged with bamboo poles.

At last the market place was reached. Around an old woman, who was squatting beside her mat, a large crowd was gathered. It was composed chiefly of boys. The reason for so many hovering about was soon disclosed. The old woman

had *mochi*¹ and sticks of barley sugar for sale. The boys who could buy were stuffing the sweets away as fast as they could and hooting at those who could not buy.

Tatong tried to make her way through this crowd, but failed. She was just turning aside to cross over to the other part of the street, when two of the boys spied her and began to jeer at her.

"Slave! slave!" they cried. "Why do you not come on through? Are you afraid?"

She made no answer. This seemed to anger them. They reached out, and catching her roughly, began to jerk her and to pull at her, sending her from one to the other like a ball, all the time laughing at the fun of it.

"Don't!" plead Tatong, "Oh! don't!"

Others turned around now to see whence the noise came. They, too, joined in, either laughing or taking part in the sport of tormenting poor Tatong. Suddenly her hands slipped apart, her arms dropped down, and over them went sliding the string of "cash." She tried to get a hold upon it and stop it, but failed. It slid past her hands, then fell with a thud to the ground. A boy who had been for some time watching the string of "cash" more than he had the move-

¹ A paste made of sweetened rice.

ments of the group around Tatong, sprang forward and attempted to seize it. But two other boys had each placed a foot upon it. A scramble now took place for its possession. In the scramble the cord of straw was torn apart, and the coins were scattered in every direction.

“Rogues!” cried a voice at that moment, and a boy of better appearance than any of the others sprang into their midst, pushing right and left. By sheer force he soon had a space cleared around where the money had fallen, but by this time fully one-half of the coins had disappeared. The boy now began gathering them up. Others helped him, for all had not been bad. The most of them had only intended to have fun. Some had begun to feel regret as soon as they saw how the rough play was ending.

By this time, Tatong, having seen the coins rolling away, and the light fingers grabbing for them, was weeping bitterly.

“What shall I do? What shall I do?” she cried. “I shall surely be beaten! I shall! I shall!”

The boy had now gathered all the coin he could get together, both from the ground and through threats made to certain of the boys he had seen scrambling for them as they rolled away. He approached Tatong holding them in

his hat, for, unlike the others, his head had been covered.¹

“I am sorry I could not get more,” he said. “Yes, I am very sorry. Here are all I could find.”

His voice, too, was not like the others. It had a different tone; it was softer, gentler, and how kind were his words!

As deep as was her trouble, Tatong noticed this, and noticed, too, that his clothes were not made the same way. There was more of his trousers showing, though they were not very wide, and the upper garment did not come more than to his knees.

“We will get another string,” he continued, “one of the merchants will give us one, and I will help you put the coin back.”

When the “cash” were put on the string again nearly a hundred were found missing.

Tatong was so overcome that she sat right down in the street and burst into tears, swaying herself to and fro.

The boy looked perplexed, then sad. This

¹ It is not the custom in Korea for boys to wear hats until they become men, and then often not until they are married. They go bareheaded, with their hair parted in the middle and hanging down their backs in plaits like that of the girls.

was surely a poor return for his kindness. He had had a hard time getting so many of the coin together. Was she not glad for that much at least? But it seemed not. If he only had some to give her, he thought. But this could not be, for there was not one in his girdle or about him. He had had a few earlier in the day, but all were gone now. How he wished he had saved them!

He tried to talk to Tatong, but her grief was so violent she either could not or would not hear him. He stood a few moments looking at her sadly, then walked away. But he glanced back once or twice as he went. He had done an unusual thing for a boy in Korea. Had not Tatong realized it?

Several minutes passed. Tatong was still crying, though she had raised her head to regard the remainder of the coins as they lay in her lap. Some one else was standing near her now, some one else was regarding her.

“Little one,” said a deep, strong voice at this moment, “why do you weep?”

Tatong gave a start, then looked up into the face bending toward her. But she could see little of the face because of the great brim of the hat the stranger wore and a portion of his robe, which was drawn up close about his chin. But

she could see his eyes and his lips plainly. How gentle were the former! what sweet, kind words the latter had spoken! Tatong could hardly credit what her ears had heard. Had he indeed spoken in this way to her? to her, a poor little slave, to whom others rarely ever spoke save in command or abuse. And it was such a rare thing, anyhow, for a man in Korea to thus accost a woman or girl.

“Little one,” said the voice again, “I have asked you what is the matter? Why do you cry so?”

“O sir,” replied Tatong, and bursting into fresh tears, “such a dreadful thing has happened to me!”

“What is it that has happened?” asked the stranger.

“My mistress sent me to market. I had more than four hundred cash. I had to buy rice, *mochi*, ginseng, matches and eggs. There was just enough cash and no more for each one. But some rude boys caught me and pulled me about. The string of cash slipped from my arms. It fell to the ground. There were thieves watching for it. They sprang upon it, tore it apart, and began picking up the coins. But for one who was, Oh! so kind! who rushed into their midst and forced them away and got back some of the

coin, there would not have been one left. As it is, there are nearly a hundred gone, and Oh! I shall be beaten for it! Oh! I know I shall! My mistress is hard, cruel; she will not let me off!"

"Poor child! poor child!" said the man. "Is it so bad as this? Will you really be beaten for something you could not help?"

"Oh! yes, I shall! I know, sir, I shall!"

"But you say the larger part of the coin was saved," he continued. "Ought you not to be thankful for that?" and he looked at her closely.

"O sir, I suppose that I ought. But for those that have been lost I shall be beaten all the same, so it might as well have been all!" and she broke forth again into tears.

"Not so, poor child, as I think I can prove to you. As you have lost but a part of the coin, then I think that I may replace them, as I have about that many, maybe a few more in my wallet here. Thus, if I give them to you, you can get what you were sent to get, and so will not be beaten. But if you had lost all, I could not have replaced them, since I have them not. Then you would have been beaten. Do you not see the difference?"

"O sir!" cried Tatong rapturously, and without noting the question, "you will give me the coin?"

“I will give you the coin. I cannot bear to think of your being beaten.”

“I can hardly believe what I hear! How is it that anyone can care for me, for me, the poor little slave Tatong? Oh! I did not think this could be! Sir, sir, do you give me the coin because you really do not wish me to be beaten?”

“That is why I give it to you. Does it seem so strange to you that I should?”

“O sir, it does. All my life no one has ever cared before, no one,” correcting herself, “until the kind boy did. Oh! how sorry I am I did not tell him my heart was thanking him! But it was the tears and the fear of the beating that would not let me. It was so I could not even see his face. I could hear his voice, but I could not understand. Now he is gone, and I can never tell him.”

“You may see him again.”

“How I hope that I can! I shall look for him every day and with all my eyes. Oh! he was so different from the rest, different from the others I have seen, and you, sir—.”

Here Tatong stopped. She had been on the point of saying, “and you, sir, are too.” But she did not, for she was not sure, though he had been so kind, just how it would be received. He was not a boy but a man; so she could not express her thoughts so freely to him.

For the last moment or so he had been busy with a stout wallet he wore at his girdle.

"Here, Tatong," he said, "are thirty cash and one silver piece, which, together, will be more than the ninety odd cash you have lost."

"O sir, how can I take it, when it seems all that you have?"

"But I may get more," he returned with a smile. "Anyhow, I do not need them so much as you."

"I never thought anyone could or would care so much for me," said Tatong, overcome again by tears. "Oh! it seems like a dream! Can it be true? Do you really want me not to get the beating? Is this why you give me the cash?"

"Yes, child, it is."

"But you would not know it, you would not see it; how, then, could you care?"

"I care now. It is enough to see you suffer as you do."

"No one ever cared before! No one ever cared before! I might have died while they were beating me and no one would have said, 'Poor Tatong.' They would have thrown me out in the old fields for the beasts to pick my bones, and that would have been the end. No one would have cared! no one would have cared!"

"Yes, Tatong, there is One who would have

known, who would have seen, who would have cared. That One is the great God who reigns up yonder."

"*Ha-na-nim!*"¹ cried Tatong quickly. Oh! he is so terrible! His eyes are like fire. Oh! surely you do not mean him!"

"Not *Ha-na-nim*, Tatong, but God, our Father in heaven. He cares for you. He cares for even the tiniest bird with wings too weak to leave the nest. There is not a blade of grass, nor a flower on the stalk that he does not note when it withers and dies."

"O sir," cried Tatong, "tell me more! God, our Father! You do not mean that he is *my* father, too? Oh! I cannot believe it! It is too good to be true! Tell me again!"

"Yes, Tatong, he is your father, too. He knows you, he cares for you."

"Tatong's father! Tatong's father! And he cares! he *cares!* O sir! O sir!"

"Yes, Tatong, he cares. He even loves you."

"Tell me more! Oh! tell me more! Nobody ever cared before. Now you tell me One does, One other besides yourself. And he is *my* father! O sir, how can it be? There was never a father for Tatong, miserable slave Tatong!"

¹The name by which the Koreans designate God. It means "the Lord of heaven."

Even those where I was born would not have me. They threw me out to perish with the beasts. Oh! tell me more of this Father, this Father that you say is Tatong's."

"That I will, Tatong, but too many are looking now. I must not be seen talking to you so long. Sometime I will tell you why this is. Do you know where the Marble Pagoda is, a part of which has been taken off and set on the ground? The children go there now and then to play, and I thought maybe you knew where it was."

"Oh! yes, sir, I do."

"Well, I am there almost every night after the bell has been sounded for the men to go home and the women to come out. There I meet and talk to a few who come to listen. Will not you, too?"

"O sir, that I will if I can. They send me many times into the streets after the night bell."

"Then come, Tatong, if you can. I must go now, and so must you to get the things you were sent to purchase. Let this remembrance be with you, my child, whether I ever see you again or not. There is One who cares, and that One is God, *your* Father."

CHAPTER II.

OLD KIMRI.

TATONG stood looking after the stranger until he disappeared within the sea of white gowns and big hats. What wonderful thing was this that had happened to her? Had he really been so kind? had he spoken the words that even now were ringing through her heart like the music from sweet bells? Yes, it had surely been, for did not the "cash" and the tiny silver piece lie there in her lap? Oh! but for him she surely would have gone home to a terrible beating! She would not have dared run away, for then they would have hunted for her, and when they had found her, they would have beaten her many times over. But now she would not be beaten at all, at least not for what had happened to her about the money. The kind stranger had come, his heart had opened, he had pitied her, he had given her nearly all that he had in his wallet—only a few "cash" being left—that the stinging blows might not descend upon her, the cruel lash cut into her flesh. And all this was done because he was sorry. He had

said so. But what was this thing, the most wonderful of all that he had told her? There was One who cared, cared all the time, One who was her Father. Tatong's Father! Was there really a father for Tatong, the poor little wretched slave girl? Where was he? Why had he stayed away all this time? Why did he not come where she could see him? Ah, now she remembered. This Father lived above the sky. He was not only good, but he was great. He owned many things; he could do many things. Perhaps after a while he would let her look on his face just once and hear his words. Oh! what happiness that would be! But when was he coming? If he would only come soon! Surely if he knew how hard and how bitter it was, the life of a slave, he would not delay.

But she must go now and buy the things. Her heart was so light she scarcely felt herself walking. Some of the ruder ones in the crowd jostled her first one way and then the other, but she did not seem to notice it. All the while her lips were saying,

“Tatong's Father! Tatong's Father!”

She came shortly to a kind of open space or lot, where a number of people from the country had congregated. They had all kinds of wares for sale—fowls, eggs, bunches of millet and bar-

ley, small bundles of wood, and even bits of rude earthen ware which they had themselves manufactured.

Tatong was hurrying along almost blindly when a shout arrested her. But that would not have been sufficient to have restrained her had not a hand at that moment caught her and firmly kept her from taking another step. Not a moment too soon! Had another step been taken, she would have come directly in front of a great ox laden with bundles of wood. As well-disposed as the creature might have been, he could not of himself have stopped in time to prevent knocking her down and trampling upon her.

“Have you no sense?” asked the one who had caught her, and, turning her head, Tatong looked up into the eyes of a tall, strong woman, her face uncovered, a handkerchief of brilliant color fastened about her head. Her clothes were not only of the roughest material, but were soiled and much worn. They had, too, the look of having been put on carelessly.

“Did you think Mokpo a lamb, that he could stop at any moment and walk around you? What did you mean, running right under his feet in that way? Why, didn’t you know it would have been impossible for him to have stopped in time with that great load? No beast of his size could

have done it, not even one so gentle and so kindly disposed as Mokpo."

"Oh! I didn't see," replied Tatong, meekly. "I had no idea he was there."

"Well, you would have known it a second later had you gone on. What's the matter with you, anyhow?"

"Oh! I'm happy! so happy!"

"Well, you don't look like one with any reason to be happy," and the woman glanced meaningly at her wretched attire. "You are one of those in bondage, are you not?"

"Yes," said Tatong, "I am a slave, and up to only a little while ago I was a very miserable one. But now I am happy, so happy, as I have told you?"

"What has made the change?" asked the woman wonderingly.

"One came who was kind. He said Oh! so many beautiful things! But best of all he said to me that there was a father for Tatong. Oh! to think of it, a father for a poor little wretched slave like me!"

"There isn't anything so uncommon in that. I guess you have a father somewhere. It's to be supposed you have. But, as he cast you off, I can't see why you are so glad to hear of him again. I'd be anything else if I were you."

“Oh! but I have such a hard time! Those who have me do not want me, or at least they say so. They beat me, and they do not give me enough to eat, and they often send me out into the streets after it is dark.”

“I wouldn’t stay; I would run away.”

“They would be sure to catch me; then they would beat me all the harder.”

“They would not catch you if you ran away to the country,” said the woman in a low voice. “Why do you not get outside the wall, then flee?”

“I should be afraid,” admitted Tatong with a shudder. “Tigers are there.”

“Oh! you could find plenty of those in whose company you could get so that the tigers could not harm you.”

“Why are you talking there so long?” cried a quavering voice at this moment. “Come here, I want to know what it is about.”

Tatong looked up quickly as she heard the voice and the words. The woman who had been talking to her had stopped to do so; she had also by a word or two brought the ox to a standstill. Glancing in the direction whence the voice had come, Tatong saw an old woman crouched down against the corner of one of the booths. She had evidently stopped there to await the pleasure of the one who had caught and held Tatong.

She was now tired of the waiting, and expressed herself accordingly.

"I must go and speak to her," said the younger woman, "for she will not rest until she hears."

"Oh! I want to tell you I am glad you pulled me away from the feet of the ox," said Tatong, detaining her. "I ought to have told you before, but we began to talk about the other matter. It was good of you not to let me be hurt."

"You needn't say any more about it. I am glad for Mokpo's sake as well as your own that he didn't hurt you. It would have given him a bad turn had he done it, for Mokpo's heart is so tender, if his body is big and clumsy."

By this time they had crossed over to where the old woman sat. She, too, had her face uncovered so that Tatong could see her plainly. She was old and wrinkled and had a forbidding appearance, so much so that Tatong felt a shudder as she noted it. Her nose was bowed like a parrot's beak, and what teeth she had left looked like yellow fangs.

"She would come," said the younger woman, who, by this time, Tatong had set down in her mind as the daughter of the older one. "She declared there was some things she must do and see. The way was long and hard, and I know she is worn out, but she will not say so."

Despite that the old woman was rather forbidding looking and had said enough to show that she had a bad temper, yet the young woman spoke to her kindly, almost tenderly. Filial devotion is one of the golden-hued traits in Korea. It is one of the rarest of occurrences that parents are ill used. On the other hand, let them be as cross and surly as they choose, they are treated with the greatest respect, even veneration.

As Tatong came near the old woman she stared at her closely, then began to work her fingers together, crying shrilly,

“Who are you, and what are you doing here?”

Tatong shrank away. The old woman was so forbidding, and she looked at her with such a scowl, but she managed to say,

“I am Tatong, the little slave that belongs to the family of Mr. Ni, and I am going to the market.”

“A slave? Ha! ha! ho! ho! I thought it! I knew it! It isn’t very nice, now, to be a slave, is it?”

“No,” said Tatong, ready to cry; “it isn’t.”

“You get beaten, don’t you? Oh, it hurts, eh? There are stripes on you now, I suppose. Wish I could see them.”

“Yes,” said Tatong, the tears ready to come

now; "they do beat me. There are stripes on my back that are not well yet. But Oh! surely you don't mean that you are glad about them!"

"Yes, I am!" she declared snappishly. "I like to see such as you get beaten. It's your face, you know."

Tatong wondered what there was about her face that made the old woman so angry. She was evidently going to say more to the child, but by this time her daughter had succeeded in drawing off her attention to something else.

Had you been there, you would have noticed that the younger woman did not once address the older one as mother, though this must have been the relation she bore. The custom in Korea is not to address parents as such, or even to mention the name of mother or father in their presence.

As Tatong was hurrying away, not knowing what moment the old woman's tongue might send words after her, she heard one man say to another,

"There is old Kimri again. I wonder what mischief she is after now? She never comes in but she makes a stir of some kind. I am truly sorry for her daughter. The old one fairly rides over her. If it were not that she had some fear of her son-in-law, I don't know how they could possibly get on with her."

“Isn’t she the old woman who is so vicious to other women,” asked the other, “especially to those who are young and good looking?”

“Yes. The story is that all her life she has been terribly ugly. Just by looking at her one could easily surmise that. It all went very well while she could keep her face covered. But when she married and her husband saw her face, then he cast her off. She was like a beast in her temper after that, and would never wear the green coat again.¹ From that time on she bore a dreadful grudge toward good-looking women. She has even scratched the faces of two or three of them.”

Tatong passed on. What a dreadful creature old Kimri must be. How glad she, Tatong, was that she had gotten out of her sight as quickly as she had! How many more terrible questions would she have asked? And Oh! what a hard heart she had! To think she could care so to see the stripes where one had been beaten! Tatong could not help contrasting this with the gentleness and tenderness of the stranger. He had been so sorry for her. Rather than have her

¹ A kind of coat, or outer covering, worn by the women and girls of Korea. They do not put it on, only throw it over their bodies, the long sleeves hanging down like great, flapping ears. With the upper portion they cover their faces, drawing it together just under the eyes.

beaten he had given her almost the last "cash" he had. And he was a man and Kimri a woman. It was so strange, so new. All the men Tatong had known up to this time had held themselves aloof from the women and girls, rarely ever speaking to them except to command. They were cruel, too, in many ways. Tatong had been roughly shoved by them often and often. She had felt the force of hand and foot. From whence had this kind, this tender one come? Surely he did not live here! Yet in face, and almost in dress, he was like the others. That is, the face was the same in coloring, and the features, too, were alike, but Oh! how different the expression! Tatong had never seen a face so tender, so gracious as that, for when he had been getting the cash she saw it plainly. The remembrance of it now was like a little fire glowing in her heart.

She was awakened from her dream of it by the surly tones of the man from whom she had bought some eggs.

"Move on, and don't be blocking up the way so! Don't you see there are others who want to buy?"

He almost threw the eggs at her. Had they been like we buy eggs, some, if not most of them, would surely have been broken. But the Korean eggs were fixed in such a quaint way. I am sure you would have smiled to see them.

They were laid end to end and wrapped with straw, which was tied together between each egg. It looked like a clumsy, knotted stick. And how do you think Tatong bought them? Why, she bought them by the yard and not by the dozen as we do.

Before one of the booths in which was displayed some immense sticks of pulled candy stuffed with sesamum seed, Tatong stopped, looking at it longingly. How she did want some of it! Oh! it did look so good! But she dared not spend any of the "cash" for it. Had not her mistress counted them to the last one? Some rude boys came and pushed her out of the way. They, too, wanted the candy, and they had the money with which to buy it. They jeered at her and held the candy before her, tantalizing her.

"Oh! shame!" said a voice at that moment, but I think no one heard it but Tatong. She heard it so plainly that she looked up quickly to see whence it came. The nearest person to her was one in a mourning hat, a great broad-brimmed hat that stood out from his head like an umbrella, and that completely concealed the face from view when the head was bent. But at the moment Tatong looked the head had been partly raised and the eyes were regarding her.

She started in wonder, for the face was different from any she had ever seen before. It

was fairer and more delicate, it seemed almost white. She knew in the next moment that it was, and felt sure that it belonged to one of the race called the white race. She had heard of these people, but until to-day she had never looked upon one. He dropped his head again. Evidently he had not intended that his face should be seen. He moved near the booth, and ere Tatong had any idea of what he intended to do, the "cash" had been laid down for one of the great sticks of candy. The next moment it was in her hand and the stranger had gone.

She was so overcome she could only stand and stare at the great mass of sweet for which she had so longed. Was it really true? Had it been given her? She felt like crying out in her joy. Oh! she must find the mourning stranger and tell him how glad she was! But he had disappeared in the crowd, and though she hastened in the direction he had taken, she saw nothing of him. Then she remembered that, by the custom of her country, she could not speak to one thus attired in the garb of sorrow. When a man in Korea went abroad in one of these mourning hats, with the hempen girdle about his waist, he must neither speak nor be spoken to. He had absolute security from molestation of any kind. He could not even be arrested for a crime while this season of mourning lasted. Thus one walk-



A KOREAN CANDY SELLER.

ing under the shadow of one of these great umbrella hats with a piece of hempen rope for a hatband, which denoted mourning, could go anywhere undisturbed.

The strangest part to Tatong was that this mourning one had not been a Korean. Did the white race have these mourning customs too?

While she was hurrying along looking for the mourning stranger she almost ran over old Kimri, who had changed her crouching place by this time for one lower down the street. Another step, and she would have done it. As it was, she just caught herself in time. But she stopped with such a jerk she almost lost her balance. In the effort to recover herself she threw out the hand in which the candy was grasped. Her fingers relaxed, and, alas, the candy went tumbling, not to the ground, but right into the lap of old Kimri! She pounced upon it in astonishment, then raised her head to see whence it came. But Tatong, overcome with fright, had dodged around her, and was now moving through the crowd as fast as she could. But she was not so far away that she did not catch the "He! he!" and the "Ho! ho!" of the old woman. There was a sob in her throat as she thought of her precious stick of candy, but she would rather have lost two than to have gone back to face old Kimri.

CHAPTER III.

POOR TATONG!

AS TATONG had finished her marketing and was starting home, she saw again the boy who had been so kind to her. She tried to get near him, that she might speak to him. She did want so much to tell him how her heart thanked him, and had thanked him from the first, though she had been too overcome by her crying to give him even a word at the time. What must he think of her? And he had been so different from the others! She felt sure there was not another boy who would have done it, at least, not in Seoül. Her experience with boys had been to receive only jeers from them and to be tormented in all sorts of mean little ways. But this boy had been so kind, so good! Oh! she must speak to him! She must tell him of how glad her heart was because of what he had done. However, she could not, for, though she made a brave effort to get through the crowd to where she saw him standing, he was gone when she reached the spot.

At one of the corners Tatong had to stop to

let a funeral procession go by. It was that of a workman, and he must have been a man of some means, for it was quite an imposing display for one of the common people. First came four drums and a fife, then two or three singers. The drums and the fife were making all the noise that could be gotten out of them, while the singers were pouring forth a lively song at the tops of their voices. Following the singers was the hearse, a queer, dome-shaped affair, with a great wreath of gaudy artificial flowers wound around it. At each of the four corners there was a flag, and thrown across the center of the hearse the white coat that had been worn by the workman in life. On the front and sides of the hearse, by way of ornament, were shield-shaped flags of coarse, brilliantly-colored muslin. The hearse rested on a kind of platform made of bamboo poles entwined with flowers. It was borne by eight men. Each had on a peaked yellow hat ornamented with blue and pink flowers. Surrounding the hearse were men walking backward and singing. Every now and then they would slap their hands and make a shuffling movement with their feet. The chief mourners followed. There were two of them. They were completely enveloped in sack-cloth. On their heads were the great umbrella hats wound with

rope-like strands of hemp. As an extra shield from the gaze of the public each held a sack-cloth screen in front of his face by means of two handles of bamboo.

Tatong had to wait several minutes for the procession to pass, for it seemed this workman had had a large number of friends, to judge by the long string of them that followed him to his last resting place.

A great fear now began to take possession of the little slave. She knew that she had been gone a long while, that much more time had been taken than her mistress had allowed. The encounter with the rude boys, the loss of the "cash," with all the subsequent events had delayed her considerably. What would her mistress say? Of more importance still to poor Tatong, what would she do? The little slave feared it meant a beating, and her heart sank accordingly. Was she really to receive the stripes after all the kind stranger had done to keep her from them?

Mrs. Ni was a woman of a very high temper. She had never forgiven her husband for bringing the little slave to their home. The money he had paid for her was as good as wasted she declared, since, according to her estimate, Tatong was both stupid and lazy. She never stopped

to consider that often and often she confused the poor child by contradictory orders ; furthermore, that she expected entirely too much of one so small and weak. The little slave had never been a strong child, but this strength might have been considerably fostered by the right care and thought. But as it was poor Tatong had had to draw ahead of its resources and to exhaust herself with burdens far too heavy to bear.

Tatong pressed on through the narrow, dirty streets, but little more than alley-ways, with the gutters of slime on either side and the low mud hovels with straw roofs so packed together that but for their queer horseshoe-like shape it would have been impossible to tell where one began and the other ended. Dogs and children were everywhere, the most of the latter half naked and rolling about in the filth, many of them in much danger from the feet of pedestrians. It was a great blessing for these miserable little atoms of humanity that there were no oxen and ponies along this street. The life would have been crushed out of more than one of them surely.

Tatong kept on until she came to a more inviting portion of the city. Here some of the houses were of stone for part of the way up instead of mud, though all had the roofs of thatched rice or barley straw. The house of Mr. Ni stood

right on the street. It had a door of bamboo poles opening into the front or men's apartment. To the right of it, and just under the roof, there was a small window covered with glazed paper. Had you entered this apartment you would have found the stone floor covered with mats, and placed about the blocks of wood used as pillows and the cotton-wadded bedclothes now folded up. On a small table there were some artificial flowers, and hanging from the rafters two or three large red and green hat-cases in which the great hats were stowed away for the night. The partitions were of bamboo, and the floors of two of the other apartments were of a sun-baked brick covered with glazed paper like that over the window, only thicker. Underneath these floors ran the flues from the "kang" or brick oven. It was in this way the people kept warm in the winter.

Mrs. Ni was in the kitchen. She was just beginning preparations for the evening meal. Near by were the *ang-paks*, great earthen jars, in one of which grain for cooking was kept, and in the other water. A man could easily have hidden in either one of them.

Tatong did not dare enter through the front apartment. Some of the men might have been there, and that would not have done. So she went to the side, intending to make her way to-

ward the kitchen. But at the door she hesitated, her heart beating loudly. Mrs. Ni was there she knew. Indeed, she could hear her. She was getting the fuel for the fire. That was always the task of the little slave. What would Mrs. Ni say now that she had come too late to do it?

Tatong moved a little nearer the opening. She could see Mrs. Ni very well. She had collected the fuel and was bending over the *ang-pak*, preparing to dish up the rice. She had on the white cotton dress usually worn by Korean women, with large, loose sleeves. It fell to within a foot or so of her straw sandals, and between them and the hem of the robe were showing the loose, baggy trousers. About her waist was a girdle of leather, to which was attached a pouch containing the various small articles in use by a housewife. Korean women have no pockets, neither do they wear buttons. Strings and girdles take the place of these. Her hair was twisted in a knot at the top of her head, and through it was run a great wooden pin gilded over, together with several smaller ones from which were pendant various rings of horn and brass.

Tatong could delay no longer. At least, she knew it was best not to do so. Sooner or later she must face Mrs. Ni. Every moment but made it worse. Kom, the baby boy, rolling on

the floor, was the first to spy her. He began to make a gurgling sound, then squeaked forth his delight. He at least was fond of the little slave.

Mrs. Ni looked up quickly.

"So you've come at last!" she exclaimed. "Speak! What kept you?"

Her face, never very attractive, was now covered by an ugly scowl. There was, too, a threatening expression about her lips. Poor Tatong, seeing these, began to tremble.

"There were many things," she said. "I could not—."

"What were they?" demanded Mrs. Ni, interrupting her.

"O madam, the crowd was great, and there were many rude boys. They pushed me about and delayed me."

Although she had received the "cash" back from the kind stranger, still Tatong did not have the bravery to tell Mrs. Ni of the loss of the coin. She would call it carelessness, she knew, and she would be beaten for that as well as for staying. In that case, the beating would be a double one.

"That's a poor excuse," said Mrs. Ni. "Now, I ask you again, what kept you?" and the scowl deepened.

"There was a funeral," answered Tatong. "It

was long in passing. I could not get by as I desired."

"Neither of those things would have kept you so long. You have not told me the right story yet, and I shall beat you for that as well as for staying all this time. You could have gone to the market and back twice over. I know you, you little wretch!" she continued, now showing her teeth in her anger. "You love to play on the streets. You are filled with curiosity. You gaze about. You must see everything. Here I must wait your pleasure, while you stand and stare about. What is more, I must do your work myself. No; I cannot put up with this. Set the things down and come here. Now give me the bamboos. Mind you get them all. One or two will not do."

"Oh! please, madam," cried Tatong, bursting into tears, "please do not beat me. I will tell all."

"I don't want to hear anything from you now. Why didn't you tell it at first? But I know very well what it would be if you were let talk. It would be about things you stopped on the street to see. I haven't time now to listen to such. Why didn't you speak when I gave you the chance? Come, bare your back."

"O madam, madam, please strike me through

the robe. Please do not beat me on my naked back."

"Yes, beat her on her naked back!" cried a voice at this moment. "It will be such fun, and I am sure she deserves it."

The words came from Fnyu, the youngest daughter of Mrs. Ni, a girl of fourteen. She was standing in the opening between the middle apartment and the kitchen. Her purpose was evidently to enjoy the scene.

"O madam," plead Tatong, now prostrate before Mrs. Ni, "my back is still sore. The cuts have not healed from the last beating."

"So much the better," said the cruel voice again. "You will feel it all the more, and you will learn to do better. Pull off the robe as you are told. If you don't I'll come and jerk it off your lazy back myself! You hear?"

"Yes, take off the robe," said Mrs. Ni firmly. "You deserve a beating you will long remember. This is about the worst you have ever done in the way of staying. You shall not forget it."

Poor Tatong! There was now no help for it. The robe must come off. Oh! what a pitiful sight it was as her back came to view, all cut and scarred, and still with festering sores! Mrs. Ni's heart must have been of stone that she could look upon it unmoved. Harder still, if that

could be, was that heart since it could lend sanction to the arm that now sent such cruel blows raining down upon the poor wounded back.

Tatong writhed and moaned under the torturing pain. She dared not cry out, for then she would have been beaten all the more to make her hush.

Kom now began to cry with Tatong. He toddled to his mother, and tried to catch her arm by its flowing sleeve so that he could pull it down and stay the work of the cruel canes. All the while he was protesting against it vigorously in his baby language. Had he been an American baby, his words would have been, "Stop! stop! Don't beat my poor Tatong!"

How unlike was the conduct of Fuyu, hard, cruel Fuyu! She encouraged every blow given by her mother. She had a taunt for every one of poor Tatong's moans.

"Serves you right," she said. "What's the use of having a slave if you can't beat her and make her mind? I'm sure you'll not poke so much again when you go into the streets. Now, will you?"

As Mrs. Ni laid by the cruel canes poor Tatong fell over all in a heap from pain and weakness. She had almost fainted from the torture. She had scarcely the strength to pull up her robe

again over her bleeding shoulders. It was Kom who helped her, Kom who all the while was stroking her face with his chubby forefinger, and pitying her in his baby way. Not more than five years hence and he would be getting ashamed of showing any gentleness even to his mother and sisters, let alone to a slave. But, happily for Kom, not yet had his heart grown hardened in the Korean domestic school. He was still a baby and his heart was tender.

Mrs. Ni did not leave Tatong to remain long undisturbed in the corner to which she had crawled. She went to it shortly and gave her a shove with her foot.

“Get up,” she said roughly, “and go and prepare the rice.”

In Korea three meals are eaten a day. The breakfast meal is rather a light one. *Opan*, or mid-day rice, is much heavier. So, too, is the evening meal, which is eaten just about the time the evening star rises. The amount of food one family can consume is enormous, for the Koreans, men, women and children, are very voracious eaters. One eater will think nothing of consuming at one sitting a half-gallon bowl of stewed beef, together with a quart vessel full of rice.

Suffering as she was, poor Tatong had the

evening meal to prepare. Occasionally Mrs. Ni or Fuyu looked in to taunt her or to spur her to increased speed by stinging words. She was glad when at last Chansa, Mrs. Ni's daughter-in-law, came in. She was so much kinder. Her heart really pitied the poor little slave, and she helped her in every way she could. Chansa herself had a hard time, so she knew how to pity through her own experience.

"You can leave me the rice," said Chansa. "I will mind it. I will also fix the ginseng water and the tables."¹

Tatong looked at her gratefully, then sank down in a corner, her poor cut and bruised back giving her so much pain she could not keep back the tears as she rocked to and fro.

The tables were brought out and set—little round tables, only a foot and a half from the floor, one for each sitter. Instead of cloths they had spread over them pieces of oiled paper. The rice was served in bowls. Beside the bowls on each table there were some glazed earthen-ware vessels containing *taro*,² dried persimmons and other things. Each sitter had besides his chop-sticks a spoon or two made of horn. In this the Koreans are ahead of the Chinese, who do not use spoons.

¹ In Korea a favorite drink is ginseng in rice water.

² Potatoes cooked with meat.

When the meal was announced the men came in, each in a great hurry. They were the three sons and the son-in-law of Mr. Ni. Mr. Ni himself was away. They took their positions, each at a table and squatting on his heels. Then they fell to eating with all their might. Such noise as they made! for the Koreans think that if they do not make a great noise it shows that they do not appreciate their food. Therefore, the louder the noise they make, the greater their appreciation. They also eat all they can hold. It is no uncommon occurrence for one who has overeaten to have to use what is known as a stomach paddle. This is a small instrument of wood, by means of which, it being used briskly over the surface of the bulging stomach, a more even distribution of the food is given.

When the men had eaten and gone then the women took their places at the tables. Through some kindly maneuvering on the part of Chansa, Tatong had been allowed to lie undisturbed in her corner. After the coming of the men to the apartment she had not dared to utter a sound. Their attention would have been drawn to her had she done so, and they would certainly have asked what it was about, and they might have ordered her beaten again, especially the oldest son of Mr. Ni, who was now, according to the

rule, the head of the household in the absence of his father.

When the women came to the tables to eat the kind-hearted Chansa started to call Tatong to get her share, but Mrs. Ni stopped her.

“She is not to have anything,” she said firmly. “She does not deserve it.”

Tatong heard the words, but they did not have the effect upon her Mrs. Ni desired and expected. She did not care that food had been denied her. Her heart was too full to mind it. How could she be hungry with that choking feeling in her throat and her back aching so it made her sick almost to faintness?

But throughout all her misery and torture there rang the sweet, precious words she had heard:

“There is One who cares, God, your Father. He pities, he sympathizes, he even loves you.”

Yes, there was “One who cared!” What joy that brought to her heart!

CHAPTER IV.

“GOD, THE FATHER.”

THE next day Tatong was so ill she really could not so much as get up from her hard bed. Mrs. Ni had finally to recognize that. She could only have the satisfaction of abusing her, for even her hard heart could not bring her to use the rods so soon again on the weak and wretched Tatong, though she felt like doing it.

Fuyu, as usual, following out her mean instincts, came in to taunt her and to torment her in every way she could. She even threw pieces of *mochi* all about Tatong so that Layo, the pet monkey, and a vicious little beast, might scramble over her in his efforts to get them. Every time his sharp elaws caught hold of Tatong's clothing, piercing to the skin, she flinched or moaned outright with the pain. It was Kom who put an end to this eruel performanee. He gave Layo a blow with his ehubby fist that sent him rolling away from Tatong. Then he established himself beside her, her gentle and loyal, if not strong, defender. Soon he lay, with his tousled head close against her, and asleep, and

she would not have disturbed him for anything, not even to ease her strained and aching body by taking another position. Some one else, too, came to sympathize with her, this some one having tousled hair all over, Kijun, the little gray and black woolly dog. He, too, loved her; he, too, snuggled down beside her; he, too, would have defended her to the last, but he had not Kom's showing of authority in the household.

Though Tatong was so weak and sore in body, she was still active in mind. As she lay there she could hear the men talking in the front apartment. Some neighbors had come in, and while they all sat around on their heels and smoked their long pipes they talked, their voices getting louder and louder as the speakers grew more and more excited. There seemed to be two subjects in which they were taking considerable interest. One was the war then in progress between China and Japan with reference to Korea, and the other that of some teachers who had come to teach a new doctrine called the "Jesus Doctrine."

As Mr. Ni was then away with the Chinese army, of course his sons took the part of China, as did by far the larger number of Koreans. But one of the neighbors was warmly on the side of Japan.

“I tell you the Japanese are our friends,” he declared. “They mean nothing but good to us in this war.”

“I don’t see how you can say that,” asserted Mr. Yin, Mr. Ni’s oldest son, hotly. “The Japanese are our enemies, I tell you. They have been that for years. Have we not every evidence of it? They are treacherous and cruel. Can you so soon forget the ear-mound?”¹

“No; I have not. But that was long years ago. Men, as well as things, change with time. The Japanese have now shown themselves our friends. They have conducted themselves as such ever since they entered Seoul. I believe their conquest of China—and, mark me, they will conquer—means the dawn of a better day for Korea in every way, better government, better schools, better trade.”

There was a sharp wrangle over these words, but the man sustained his position well. However, the neighbor who had accompanied him, seeing whither things were drifting, had the tact to turn the conversation, and thus get matters quieted down again.

The talk now turned on the teachers of the

¹ A mound that, during one of the earlier wars, the Japanese erected out of the ears taken from Korean captives.



TWO KOREAN GENTLEMEN AND THEIR SERVANTS.

new "Jesus Doctrine." They had been in the city quite a while, although there were not so many who knew it. Just at present, it seemed, they were having a hard time, because they had been accused of taking babies to slay, so that their blood, if offered up, might appease the God of the "Jesus Doctrine." They had even been seen picking up the babies. It is true they were abandoned babies. But, then, what else did they want with them if not to slay them? There was also a school where they taught girls. Think of that! Mr. Ko freely gave vent to his disgust as he mentioned it.

"They actually try to teach them," he said with scorn. "The idea of a woman or a girl being able to learn anything so difficult as a book or a doctrine. Why, you might as well try to teach the ponies," and Mr. Ko sniffed.

All the others agreed with him. A school for girls! Astonishing! Ridiculous! Why, where in Korea could fathers be found so slack and so foolish as to let their girls attend such a place?

Tatong's heart leaped at the words. A school for girls! Could it be possible there was such a thing? She wondered how it could be, how they were given anything to learn, and in what way it was managed. Were they really treated as creatures of sense, as though they had under-

standing? Oh! how she longed to see such a place! What did it look like? What did those who were there do? Were they allowed to talk, to say what they pleased? Oh! what a sweet place it must be if that were so! if they were treated kindly, if they were encouraged to speak.

“And what does this Jesus Doctrine teach?” asked Mr. Yin suddenly of Mr. Ko.

“It seems to teach many things. I don’t believe the teachers know half themselves, though they pretend to have so much to tell. But there is one thing I have heard that I think very wonderful.”

“What is that?”

“This doctrine teaches of but one God. He is so powerful he reigns over all the earth as well as heaven.”

“*Ha-na-nim?*” said Mr. Yin quickly.

“No, not *Ha-na-nim*. He is greater even than *Ha-na-nim*. They call him God, the Father.”

Tatong’s heart gave such a leap at that it seemed it must come right out through her poor little frail body. “God, the Father!” Why, that was the very one of whom the kind stranger had told her. It was the “One who cared.” Oh! if she only knew how to get a message to him! Oh! surely he could not know all that she suffered; how she needed him! If he did, would he

not send a message, just one little word, to show he was thinking of her? that he was pitying her? Oh! she must see the kind stranger again. She must ask him about this One who cared, this One who was her Father, this One who did not want her to suffer. If he would only come and speak to her. If he would only say two words, "Poor Tatong!"

As she thought again of what Mr. Ko had said her heart sank. This God, the Father, was very powerful. He ruled over both earth and heaven. Could it be expected then that he would be her Father? Her Father, and she a poor, little wretched slave! No, no, it could not be! The kind stranger had surely been mistaken. He was not *her* Father. She was too low for him to notice. At these thoughts poor Tatong's tears welled forth and rolled down upon her wooden pillow. Oh! how could she give up that sweet thought of One who was her Father? Oh! she could not! She must go to see the kind stranger at the pagoda. He had said that she must come. She would pick her chance. She would go if only for a few moments, if only long enough to ask him how it was that a poor, little, wretched slave, as she was, could have a Father, a Father, too, who was so great and so powerful. It was all so wonderful, it seemed well-nigh im-

possible that it could be true. And he was not only a Father, but he was a Father who cared. The kind stranger had said so, and he must know. Oh! this was such a rare, such a beautiful thing, a Father who cared, who loved her, though she was only a wretched little girl, a slave.

Another incident of that day was the coming of the "go-between," the old woman who was making the match between Fuyu and Mr. Kibi. It was hoped the wedding would soon occur. Fuyu was full of airs and self-consciousness. As Tatong looked at her she wondered that if Mr. Kibi knew just how dreadful she could be, if he would really want the "go-between" to succeed in the match.

Tatong had been up only a day or so and was hardly able to walk about when Mrs. Ni told her the clothes must be washed. They had already waited too long.

Washing is one of the big undertakings of the women and girls in Korea. They spend fully one-half the time ripping the clothes apart, washing, ironing, and putting them together again. The men are very particular about the whiteness of their clothes, and in some families the washing and ironing must be done as often as three times a week.

“Come,” said Mrs. Ni, as with Chansa she approached Tatong, “we must go and do the washing. We took the clothes to pieces while you were lying up resting your lazy body. Now they must be washed.”

It was a long distance to the stream where Mrs. Ni and Chansa washed, for they were very particular about getting the best water they could. That in the ditches nearer the home, with which some women washed, was entirely too slimy and bad-smelling for them.

They started off, Tatong having a large part of the burden of the clothes to bear. But the kind-hearted Chansa, despite Mrs. Ni’s protest, relieved her of some of them on the way.

“I think she is not able to carry so much,” said Chansa. “She really seems weak.”

“She is putting some of it on,” declared Mrs. Ni. “You do not know her as I do. Oh! she is a sly one!”

Tears started to Tatong’s eyes, for she had heard the words. Oh! why did Mrs. Ni think thus of her? Could not she see that she was really faint and weak? And how sore her poor back was still from that terrible caning? How was she ever going to be able to beat and pound the clothes as they had to be done? If Mrs. Ni would only have more pity, if she would only

wait for her back to heal! Chansa's kindness sent a warm thrill of gratitude through her heart. She resolved she would do all she could to deserve it. She would help Chansa whenever she could, for Chansa, too, had a hard time with Mrs. Ni.

They overtook or passed many women going in the same direction, like themselves each laden with her great bundle of clothes. It seemed to be one of the general washing days. Even small children were trudging along bearing the bundles. In addition to the clothes each washer had a small paddle of wood a foot or a foot and a half in length and three or four inches wide. It was with these paddles the clothes were beaten.

After a while they came to the stream. All around were stones worn smooth, on which the paddling of many previous washings had been done.

Mrs. Ni, Chansa, and Tatong, squatting on their heels beside the water, scooped out each a hollow place in the bed of the stream, so as to make a kind of pool in which the clothes could be dipped. After that they went regularly to work at the washing. They first soaked the clothes in the water, then they placed them on the smooth stones, and forthwith proceeded with the paddles to beat out the dirt. As they pad-

dled away they kept time as though to a tune. Indeed, Chansa was humming away at one in her heart, though her lips scarcely made a sound. As for Tatong, poor Tatong! her heart was too heavy and too sad and her back too sore for her lips to give vent to anything save to a moan of pain.

“Rap! rap!” went the paddles, and now and then each paddler changed her paddle from one hand to the other without losing a stroke. If you had been there you would have wondered how she could have done it.

Soon Tatong felt that she could not make another stroke, at least not until she had had some ease of rest for her poor aching back. The paddle slipped from her hand, and she fell with a gasp of pain all in a heap upon the grass.

“Lazy thing!” cried Mrs. Ni. “Why do you stop? Take up your paddle again and go on with the beating.”

But Chansa interposed.

“Let her rest a while,” she plead. “I am sure she has beaten all she can right now. See how bad she looks. I will do double share,” and seizing Tatong’s paddle as well as her own, she began to beat with both hands as fast as ever she could.

Tatong looked at her gratefully, then lay down, her head resting against a stone. How

beautiful was the sky! of the deepest, brightest blue, through which the sun shone as though it had sifted little sparkling bits of gold all over it. There were only tiny specks of cloud here and there no bigger, it seemed, than a handful of fleece when the shearer clips it from the sheep. On the hillsides the azaleas were in bloom, and in and out among them flitted the birds and the bees and the butterflies, the former singing so it seemed they could not tell the flowers loud enough how glad they were that there was so much of color and beauty and sweetness all around.

Tatong turned her eyes again to the sky. It must be somewhere up there that God, the Father, lived. There was no other place high enough and bright enough and beautiful enough.

Ha-na-nim, she knew, lived above the earth. Then if this God, the Father, were greater even than *Ha-na-nim*, he must live beyond where *Ha-na-nim* lived, away up where the sky was brightest and deepest and bluest. When Tatong had decided this in her mind again came the overwhelming thought, If this God, the Father, were so great, so powerful, then he could not be her Father. Oh! no, no! A miserable little slave and a girl like she was could never have such a Father.

She began to sob in the wretchedness and bitterness of her heart. Then Mrs. Ni ordered her back to work, and she had to still her sobs and take up the paddle again. But all through the dull "rap-rap-rap-rap!" of the paddle rang the words, "Oh! he is not my Father! It cannot be!" Then would come the thought, "But did not the kind stranger say that he was, and does he not know? Oh! I must go and see him and let him tell me more."

In about two hours time they had finished the clothes and had them spread out on the grass to dry and whiten in the sun. They would let them partly dry in this way. Then they would be taken home for complete drying by being hung on the clothes line above the house.

Mrs. Ni and Chansa started home before Tatong. They left her with some of the thicker pieces that had not yet dried sufficiently. Tatong remained for an hour or more after they left her, until the sun lacked but a short time of setting. Then she arranged her clothes in a bundle and started homeward.

As she was passing along one of the narrow streets she almost ran against the same woman and ox with whom she had had the previous encounter on the market day. This time, fortunately, the woman was walking ahead and some

paces in front of the ox, so there was no danger, as there had been before. But she ran so close to the woman ere she saw her that they came in rather sharp collision.

"You again!" exclaimed the woman. "Well, it seems you never have any eyes in your head! First you try to get Mokpo to walk over you, and now you run into me! You must want to be hurt. If so, let me say you'll get your wish before long. You'll not find all so careful as Mokpo and I. Where are you going, anyhow?" she asked rather abruptly.

"I am going home," answered Tatong faintly, for she was nearly out of breath with the walk and the weight of the clothes together.

"A pretty big bundle that you have!" stopping short to eye it. "You can't carry it very well, now can you?"

"No," said Tatong, "I cannot. You see I have been very sick, and I am not well yet. Then—"

At the word she paused suddenly, while her glance fell from the woman's face to the ground.

"Then what?" questioned the woman looking at her closely.

"I do not know that I ought to tell you," replied Tatong, her voice so faint now the woman had to bend her head to catch the words.

“You can tell me,” she said, kindness as well as persuasion in her tone. “Nakta never yet told anything to get any one into trouble.”

“I have had a beating,” said Tatong in the same low tones.

“I thought so,” declared Nakta.

“It was right on the sores of the other one,” continued Tatong, her voice now breaking into a sob, “and Oh! my baek does hurt so!”

“It’s a shame!” declared Nakta warmly. “Even Mokpo, beast as he is, wouldn’t hurt you, no, not even a hair of your head. Had you done anything to deserve it?”

“It was because of the time I stayed out the day I met you, the day of the market. Oh! I could not help it! First, there were the eruel boys who did me so about the eash. Then a funeral came, and I could not cross the street until it had gone.”

“Your mistress beat you for that? Then she is a bad one, and I would not stay there if I were you. I would run away. Why don’t you?” and again the woman put her faee down nearer to Tatong’s as she asked the question.

“Oh! there would be no plaece to go. No one would have me. I am of so little good. Mrs. Ni says so, and she must know.”

“Try it,” said Nakta. “There is the eountry.

Plenty of people there who would like the help of a slave like you, and would not beat her either. There is the road out from the Great South Gate, the one that strikes along the bed of the river, and thence to the mountains beyond Chungju. Have you ever travelled that road?"

"No," said Tatong.

"But you know where the South Gate is?"

"O yes, I know where the South Gate is."

"Then almost any one outside the gate can put you in the right road. You have but to follow the river till you come to the two shrines with the *mirioks*.¹ Not far beyond these is a village, where there are many orchards and chestnut and mulberry trees. Just where the chestnuts are thickest you turn and go up a hill—you can see the path plainly—then down between two others, and there, not far away, is the home of Naktá and Mokpo. Who knows but that they may tell you of some one who would be glad to have a little slave and not beat her either?"

"Oh!" said Tatong, and catching her breath hard, "if I only could go, but I cannot. They would follow me and catch me and beat me all the more."

¹ Stones rudely carved in grotesque resemblances of human beings.

“But how would they know which way you went?”

“Mrs. Ni would. Oh! she would be sure to. She can find things out so.”

They had withdrawn to one side of the narrow street to talk. Tatong had put the heavy bundle of clothes down protected by its outside wrapping. Mokpo had advanced until he stood with his head almost on a level with his mistress' shoulder. His eyes were half closed and he seemed to be engaged in nothing more important than in contentedly chewing his cud. But not so. Mokpo was listening; I assure you that he was. At the moment his mistress was giving the little slave such close directions with reference to the turning at the chestnuts and the finding of the home of Nakta and Mokpo, he had gently swayed his head up and down as much as to say, “Yes, sir.”

Mokpo was one of the most beautiful of Korean oxen, gentle, docile and intelligent. He was large and stately. He showed it in his manner as well as in his size. He thought nothing of carrying three hundred to four hundred pounds upon his back. His color was a rich, warm red, relieved here and there by a spot of white. The gloss of his hair gave evidence of care and attention as well as of good feeding.

Like other Korean gentlemen, Mokpo's suit received regular attention in the way of scrubbing and smoothing. His large, soft eyes could turn upon you with the greatest friendliness and trust, but if you ever betrayed that trust, look out! They could flash then in a way you would remember, and his great cushion of a foot come down upon the ground in the most emphatic protest.

"I must go now," said Tatong suddenly. "Oh! I am afraid I have stayed too long! But I do thank you for all you have said to me."

She stooped to get the bundle of clothes, and tried to raise it as before. But, somehow, her strength was not equal to it. Her hands slipped away, and in the movement to recover herself, she gave her shoulders such a twist as sent a moan of pain to her lips.

"Why," said the woman, "I don't believe you'll be able to go on with the clothes. How did you ever manage to get this far with them?"

"Oh! I hardly know," murmured Tatong. "I knew I had to."

"How far is it to the home of Mr. Ni?" Nakta asked suddenly.

Tatong told her.

"Oh! that isn't so far for Mokpo, but it is a great distance for you. So, Mokpo will carry the

clothes, while you walk beside him and talk to him. That is all the pay he will ask. Mokpo likes to be talked to."

Ere Tatong was hardly aware of her intention she had reached out, taken hold of the clothes, and, with one swing of her sturdy arms, had sent them flying up to the great pack-saddle on Mokpo's back.

CHAPTER V.

HOME LIFE OF THE LITTLE SLAVE.

“OH,” said Tatong as she saw the clothes deposited on Mokpo’s broad back, “you surely do not mean what you say? You really will not go with me to the house of Mr. Ni?”

“Yes,” declared Nakta firmly, “I will go with you to the house of Mr. Ni. You cannot carry the clothes, so Mokpo will carry them. His back is so much bigger than yours,” and she laughed. “It is not sore either,” she added in graver tones.

“But Oh! what will they do with me if they see you?” cried Tatong. “They have told me never to make acquaintances on the streets.”

“O ho!” said Nakta. “I know why that is. They are afraid you will be told some things they would rather you wouldn’t hear. But come. I will promise not to go where they can see me.”

“Oh! I am afraid you will be late if you do what you say you will,” said Tatong solicitously. “Your home is a long way. How can you reach it to-night?”

“I do not expect to reach it to-night. I am going just outside the gate. There I will stop until morning with one I know.”

“How mean they must be to you,” said Nakta as they went along. “Do none of them care for you?”

“No,” said Tatong, “none of them do except Chansa, the wife of Mr. Yin, and Kom. But Chansa herself has a hard time, and Kom is only a baby. Yes,” added Tatong suddenly, and with such a change in her tone it made Nakta turn quickly to look at her, “there is another who cares, another who is sorry every time they beat me, but I do not know where he is. I do not know how to find him, so that I may tell him.”

“Did he go away and leave you? Then, if he did, I do not think he cares,” said Nakta positively.

“No; he did not go away,” replied Tatong. “He has never been with me. I have never seen him. Oh! I want so to find him now!”

“Why, how then could he know, how could he care, if he has never seen you, if he has never been with you?”

“Oh! I cannot tell how it is, but there is one who does know, and who will tell me soon. He is so kind and so good. I saw him the very day I saw you, the day I went to the market. The

One who cares is very great and powerful, even more powerful than *Ha-na-nim*. They call him God, the Father. Have you ever heard of him?"

"No," said Nakta slowly, and looking very much astonished, "I have not."

"Oh! think real hard. Perhaps you will remember that you have. They may have told you about him and you have forgotten. You have so much the better chance to hear than I have."

But Nakta was sure she had never heard of the One called God, the Father. It was a very wonderful thing, and she wanted to know more.

"He cares for women and girls as well as he does for boys and men," continued Tatong, "and Oh! he cares for me because he is *my* Father!"

This was the thought uppermost with her now, and what a light it caused to glow upon her face! What a radiance there was in her heart! Forgotten for the time was the bitter one that he so great and so powerful could not be her Father.

"You, too, must go to the Marble Pagoda," she continued to Nakta, "you, too, must hear what the kind stranger has to tell of God, the Father. He is not only *my* Father, but he is the Father of others. "Oh!" turning her face suddenly to Nakta, "maybe he is your Father, too."

"No," said Nakta, "He could not be. Nakta's

father is where the spirits are. He was very hard and cruel. Nakta would not want to see him again."

Still more Tatong told Nakta about God, the Father, and, ere they parted, she had won from her the promise to go to the Marble Pagoda; that is, if she could.

Nakta was careful to do as she had told Tatong she would. She did not go where anyone within Mr. Ni's house could see her. But she went near enough for Tatong to have only a short distance to stagger with the bundle of clothes.

The little slave found that the mid-day meal, *opan*, had long since been eaten. Mrs. Ni declared there was nothing for her now. She had been such a lazy poke she did not deserve it. She ought to have been home with the clothes more than an hour ago, when something would have been given her. Now she did not deserve it. But Chansa had saved a portion of her own rice, which shortly she smuggled to Tatong. They were in the kitchen at the time, and Tatong had just finished eating when Mr. Yin, the husband of Chansa, came in. He wanted something of her. He began his request by saying, "*Yabu.*" That meant, "Look here!" and is the way in which Korean husbands address their

wives. They never call them wife, nor give them any title of respect or of endearment. Not even do they address them by their names, if they have one. To outsiders, also, the woman is not known by her name, but as the wife of Mr. So-and-so.

The next day there was the ironing to do, which was almost as hard as the washing.

“Where are the clubs?” asked Mrs. Ni as soon as the kitchen work for the morning was over.

Now, you must not think Mrs. Ni was going to do anything very warlike. The clubs for which Mrs. Ni called were the ironing clubs. These were of wood and about a foot and a half in length. Instead of being flat, as were the paddles with which the clothes were beaten, they were round, in shape very much like our baseball bats. Soon it developed that Kom had had them. By dint of much coaxing he was brought to tell where they were. He had taken them out to roll, so as to see Layo leap after them. Here was more labor for Tatong, for the clubs were very dirty and had to be cleaned. Kom showed his contrition by offering to help her; but, as he retarded the work more than anything else, she was glad enough to dispense with his services.

The “ironing tables” were now brought out.



Seoul 103

LAUNDRY WORK IN KOREA.

What funny ones they were! They were not really tables. They were only wooden or iron rollers about six inches in diameter. Around each of these an article to be ironed was wrapped. Then Mrs. Ni and Tatong took up the clubs. "Rat-ta-tat-tat!" they went, striking against the garment on the iron cylinder. You would have thought they meant to beat it through and through. But not so, the strokes fell with such evenness and dexterity the garment was not injured, but was given a beautiful smoothness and gloss. Sometimes Mrs. Ni and Tatong each beat alone upon the garment, using two clubs; again both beat upon it, the four clubs coming down one after the other with wonderful precision and regularity.

While the ironing was at its height there was a squeal from Kom, then another and another. He was lying on the floor rolling and kicking. He had eaten too much rice at the morning meal. In fact, he had stuffed himself so that his bulging stomach was now giving him much pain.

"Get the paddle," said Mrs. Ni to Chansa.

Chansa knew well what Mrs. Ni meant. There was a small wooden paddle hanging on the wall. It was very much like the washing paddles, though not so large. This was Kom's stomach paddle, and had been often used before. But

as Chansa approached him he began to scream louder and louder than ever. He wanted Tatong, and none other would do. Mrs. Ni had at last to send Tatong. She placed the squirming Kom on his back across her lap, and began to move the paddle back and forth, gently at first, across his stomach, with a movement quite like that of kneading dough. This was done that the food, which had collected in a great mass, might be more evenly distributed. Kom's cries grew weaker and weaker and finally ceased.

The next thing was to send Kom off to sleep, and this was not hard. Tatong laid aside the paddle, and with her hand began to tap lightly upon his stomach, her fingers coming down one after the other with regular movement. Accompanying this she made a little humming sound with her lips, saying the word over and over, "*To-tak! to-tak!*" Korean babies have no cradles, and this is the way they are put to sleep by the "*to-tak, to-tak,*" a tapping and humming.

As soon as he had gone to sleep Tatong laid Kom over on his mat, with the small block of wood under his head. Even thus early does a little Korean begin to get used to the hard way of sleeping.

It was nearly time for the evening star to come ere they finished the ironing. Then Mrs.

Ni told Chansa to go and hull the riec. This had to be done with a rough box as a mortar and a stone rudely shaped into the form of a pestle. It was hard work, even harder than the ironing, and much slower. It took them until dark to hull enough for the morning meal.

While they were pounding away Dong, the son of Mr. Ni, a lad of fifteen, came out to watch them and to twit Tatong with her awkwardness and slowness.

Had you seen him you would surely have taken him for a girl. He wore a robe very much like Chansa's, and it was girdled about the waist as hers was. His hair was divided in the middle and hung in two plaits down his back. He wore no hat, for in Korea boys rarely wear a hat until they are married. It is then, too, they do their hair up in a knot on the top of their heads.

"A tortoise could go faster," he said jeeringly to Tatong. "He could go to the east and go to the west while you are turning round."

Tatong said nothing. It was not customary for a woman or girl in Korea to answer back, even when thus rudely addressed. She must keep her mouth shut even if worse things were said.

But Dong did not long remain. He passed

on to the next house, whither he was going in search of his friend, Ping, who lived there.

That very evening Tatong heard more wonderful things. Mr. Ko and the two other neighbors came in. They were much excited over further news about the doctrine that taught of God, the Father. Jesus was the Son of God. God had been very angry with the people in the world, and so Jesus had come to die for them. In this manner God's anger had been taken away. He would not now destroy as would *Hannan*; neither was he stern nor cruel. He was instead the tender and loving Father to all who obeyed him. There were things he had said that must be done. To whoever did them the Father would make himself known and would give to that one not only honor but riches. This was the part that excited Mr. Ko and the others so much. What were these things that God, the Father, had said must be done? If they could find out might they not, too, have of the honor and the riches? It was surely worth trying, and they declared they were going to find out more about it. It also greatly excited Tatong, how much her flushed face and loudly-beating heart attested. Oh! what were these things that God, the Father, had said must be done, and that then he would make himself known to those who did

them? If only she knew, how quickly would she do them! She must find out. She must learn how to win this loving Father to make himself known to her.

Even while the men were talking in the next apartment bad news was brought. There had been a battle, a heavy battle, and the Chinese army had been badly beaten. Many hundreds of men were said to be lost. There were moans and groans in the front apartment, mingled with the wails of Mrs. Ni and her daughters, who had heard all. Mr. Kim, one of the neighbors, hastened away to offer sacrifice before his ancestral tablets. The gods were surely angry. They must be appeased. Mr. Yin, too, declared it his intention to follow Mr. Kim's example. His father, for all he knew, might be among the slain. What kind of a son would he be if he did not at once proceed to show all the grief and all the respect he could?

He had already prostrated himself, his head upon the floor. Now he would divest himself of his clothing, and instead array himself in sack-cloth from head to foot; so, too, must Mr. Ni's other sons. Rice, fruit and other things were brought; even to the parings of nails and wisps of hair. Then the rush lights were set to burning, and, bearing them, the silent procession

sought the tablets. Mr. Yin, who was at the head, carried, in addition to his light, a small wand of oak about two feet or two feet and a half in length. This was to be used in driving out the demon or bad spirit, if it was decided that one was anywhere near the tablets.¹ There was also an empty bottle into which the demon was to be driven. It was then to be tightly corked and hurried away to the river into which it was to be thrown.

They advanced to the tablets and presented the offerings. Then Mr. Yin prostrated himself before that of his grandfather and grandmother, burning bits of yellow paper marked with red ink, which were said to be of great charm against bad spirits. When this was finished he began to hunt for the evil spirit with his stick, hoping to find it and drive it into the bottle. But he could feel nothing he thought was the evil spirit. The charms would not permit him to overcome it. In despair he gave it up, saying,

“In the morning we will send for a *mutang*.”

By this he meant a sorcerer, one who dealt in magic.

¹The Koreans are great believers in evil spirits, or demons. Their principal form of religious worship, if they can be said to have any at all, is demon worship.

In the morning the *mutang* came. She was a forbidding looking creature. Her face was all wrinkled and drawn, and she had lost most of her teeth. But she came in spotless white, and she brought with her a drum and drummer. The noise of the drum was to frighten the spirit and to give her control of it. She had a wand cut from a pine tree, and to it was fastened a sheet of white paper. This she drew, or rather waved, in a circle all around the tablets. Then she tore from it a small portion, which she rolled into a tube. This she placed in a bowl and set on fire, muttering a kind of chant over it as she did so. The other portion she soaked in wine and threw up to a beam of the house, where it lodged. A small handful of rice thrown after it adhered to it, or that is, the most of the grains did. All this time the drum was beating loudly and the drummer stamping about the room with all the violence he could command.

The *mutang* now demanded her money, saying that she had gotten rid of the evil spirits, or at least, she had placed them where they could do no further harm. The one she had sent away in the fire, and the other was lodged on the beam with the paper, to which the rice adhered. It could not come down again unless she gave it permission.

After the *mutang* went away there was more worship in front of the tablets, and the offering of *mochi* as well as rice and fruits. Mr. Yin kept on his suit of sack-cloth, and throughout the house mourning for Mr. Ni continued until there came certain word that he was safe. In order to give public expression to their joy at this news, as well as to show further gratitude to the ancestors for not being angry, Mr. Yin ordered that a general tomb-cleaning must take place.

In Korea the dead are buried in the most beautiful places that can be found. A man who has spent all his life in a mud hut may, when he is dead, occupy a resting place on some commanding hill, with a lofty grassy mound raised in his honor and a slab conspicuous for its size. In the case of rich men considerable space is given to the tomb, and no one must bury anywhere near to it.

Accordingly, on the next day every member of the family, with the exception of Kom, who was left with a neighbor, took his or her way to the burial place of the ancestors. They carried with them dippers, buckets and straw scrubbers, also food to put on the tombs when they had been nicely cleaned.

Korean monuments are principally of stone or of brick masonry. Sometimes the graves are

paved with granite slabs. Again the monument is in shape like an obelisk, and at the top is carved a human head, or now and then that of a bird or animal. It is the belief that the soul of one who has been gentle on earth is changed into a bird, and, taking its abode at the top of one of these monuments, there reposes peacefully.

After the tomb cleaning Mr Yin seemed to think that all was now right again, so the household fell back into its usual way.

All this time Tatong had been longing and hoping that some night after the bell for the men had sounded she would be sent into the streets. Mrs. Ni had often done this, for there were many errands on which the little slave had to go. But, somehow, she had not been sent out alone since the day of the market, when she had met the kind stranger, and he had told her of the Marble Pagoda and what he went there to do. Oh! if she could only go there one time! if she, too, could hear some of the things that were taught. Once or twice she had felt almost like stealing away without being sent. But that she knew would not do. She could hardly start ere she would be missed, so closely did Mrs. Ni keep watch upon her.

But soon Tatong was to have her heart's desire. Oh! the joy that came when she did!

CHAPTER VI.

THE KURDONG.

AT NINE o'clock every evening the great bell that stands under its little pagoda-like temple near the principal market place of Korea is heavily pounded with its big beam. This is what is called the men's night bell, or by some the "curfew bell." When these deep notes sound out they serve as a warning to all men who are on the streets. They must immediately seek the shelter of the houses and leave the way clear for the women, many of whom have not been out before in the twenty-four hours. Should a man chance to be detained in reaching his home, and in this way meet one or more women, he must at once cover his eyes by means of a fan and pass them with head bent down.

Within a few minutes after the ringing of the bell the women leave their houses and come out into the streets. They can now dispense with the ugly green coats with which they cover their faces, and thus enjoy the fresh evening air. When the moon is bright they need no other

light by which to see to make their way from street to street; when it is not shining then they carry lanterns in which rush lights burn. Often the woman carries the lantern herself, but those who have slaves go out attended by them, and they bear the light.

The very next night Tatong's heart fairly bounded as Mrs. Ni told her to prepare to go into the street after the bell sounded. Tatong understood that she was to go alone, and thought after thought began to surge through her mind. Oh! was she really to see the kind stranger again? Was she to hear the beautiful things he had to tell? Was she to know about God, the Father? Were all the matters over which she had wondered, that had troubled her so, were these at last to be made clear? Never mind where Mrs. Ni sent her, or on what kind of an errand she had to go, she would manage to steal by the Marble Pagoda, if it were only for a little while.

But alas! all Tatong's hopes were soon rudely dispelled. Mrs. Ni herself was going, and she only wanted Tatong to attend her. She ordered her to get the lantern ready so that they could start the moment the bell sounded.

The little slave obeyed, but with what a dejected heart! If Mrs. Ni went what chance

would there be for her to get even a glimpse inside the Marble Pagoda? Oh! now she would have to give it up she felt sure. She could not yet see the kind stranger and hear what he had to say. Then another thought came. Perhaps Mrs. Ni herself might go; perhaps she, too, would like to hear what was told of One who had so kind, so gentle a heart toward women. But a dread came to Tatong following the thought, the dread of telling Mrs. Ni. She knew her mistress so well, her quick temper, her hard nature. Might she not, instead of deciding to go, grow angry with Tatong and abuse her for even having contemplated such a thing as a visit to the Marble Pagoda? At least, it so seemed to the little slave, and rather than bring about herself such a storm, she decided to keep quiet. It might be that sometime when she felt braver about it she would tell Mrs. Ni. Although her mistress was so hard and so cruel, Tatong felt that if there was any good and helpful thing heard at the Marble Pagoda she wanted her to have part in it. So tender and true and forgiving was the heart of our little slave.

As they were crossing from one narrow street to the other Tatong bent her eyes searchingly through the shadows, for not very far away, she



THE GREAT BELL AT SEOUL, KOREA.

knew, was the Pagoda. It stood in rather a secluded spot, and all about it were some tumbled down huts, only a few of which were now inhabited. The Pagoda had once been a very fine, grand structure, thirteen stories in height, but three of them had been taken off by the Japanese during one of their invasions. It was more than seven hundred years old, but was still well preserved. Inside there were many beautiful carvings, but the whole place had fallen into such disuse it was rarely ever visited now. Tatong had once seen children playing about it, but she never remembered to have seen grown people entering it or coming from it. There were many who believed that evil spirits lived there now, for this reason they would not go near it. Yet the kind stranger had said to her that it was there he went to tell to those who would come the beautiful things of God, the Father. If only she could go now to hear some of them she would not fear the bad spirits. The bell had rung, so the people must be there now listening to the stranger.

She strained her eyes through the dim light, but the street on which she and Mrs. Ni were now walking ran in such a way the Pagoda could not be seen, because of its position beyond the other buildings.

Mrs. Ni extended her walk until she came to the great broad street that runs directly across the city from east to west. This, together with the other wide street branching off from it, and which runs to the south gate, form the principal places of promenade for the women, when the men have gone away from it at night and traffic has ceased. Could you stand where you could look down upon these streets you would see moving along them at these promenade hours what look like drifting masses of snow. It would be the white garments of the women.

Mrs. Ni met many friends, with whom she stopped to chat. In this way fully half the women of Seoül keep up their friendly relations, for they are too truly slaves to the ironing cylinder and washing paddle to have much time for house visiting.

As they were passing again in the vicinity of the Marble Pagoda, Tatong's heart gave a great bound. It seemed to her it went right into her throat. Some figures were moving away in a little cluster from under the shadow of a house, and among them Tatong felt sure that she saw that of the kind stranger. In her joy and surprise she was scarcely conscious of what she did. She had turned to run toward them, when the sharp voice of Mrs. Ni recalled her to herself.

“Why have you turned in that way? Why do you not hold the lantern so that it will give me light?”

All hope had now to be given up of even speaking to the kind stranger. Mrs. Ni kept her eye upon her until she had resumed her place near to her and had again brought the lantern forward in such a way that the rays fell across the path in front.

Two days later great excitement went throughout the city at the announcement that the king would, on the morrow, go in great state to offer sacrifice in one of the ancestral temples. This passing of the king in magnificent procession, which takes place usually only once or twice a year, is known as the Kurdong. In former years the people had not been permitted to look upon it. Prior to the passing of the king they had all been forced to retire within their houses, with the exception of the head of the family, who, crouched upon the threshold, a broom in his hand, kept his head bent down until it seemed his nose must be touching the ground. No one was allowed to even peep out upon the procession. Should one be found doing so severe indeed was the punishment. Sometimes it meant death. For the king is considered a sacred person. Even those admitted to his presence have

to go down on hands and knees while approaching him. But of late the king had grown more gracious to his subjects with reference to the Kurdong. He had issued a proclamation that all men, women and children might now look upon the procession, the higher class women through the little openings called windows in the front of the houses, the lower class from the street. This gracious permission was doubtless given because of the troubles that had come through threatened wars. The king wanted to draw his subjects nearer to him.

The route of the procession was from the palace along the wide street leading to the south gate. By daylight of the morning hundreds of the slaves began sprinkling red earth through the center of the street, while detachments of men were set to guard it. For the king must not pass over soil on which so low a thing as the foot of one of his subjects had pressed. Along the sides of the streets at regular intervals torches ten feet in height had been placed. These were to be lighted on the king's return from sacrificing, which would not be until night.

Early in the morning Mrs. Ni, her daughters and daughter-in-law started for the house of a friend which lay along the route. Tatong had been told that she might take her chances in the

street, but if she failed to be at home for the cooking of *opan*, the mid-day meal, she knew what she would receive.

Even at that hour in the morning the streets were crowded. The men, the children, and the poorer class women were hastening to get good positions on the main thoroughfare. Here and there through the crowds could be seen the bright costumes of the boy bridegrooms, who, by special arrangement between parents, had been allowed to assume man's estate and take unto themselves wives. The dress of these young bridegrooms consisted of rose-pink, red, or blue coats, and high yellow hats.

The crowds were strangely silent. The excitement that would naturally be looked for on such an occasion was lacking. The reason of this was because they had been warned against all noise and demonstration. It was a sacred occasion, and as such they must regard it.

By eight o'clock the people were packed in a great mass on either side of the street. They were kept from pressing too near the center by men who constantly moved back and forth with long wooden paddles in their hands, which they brought down unmercifully upon the head or shoulders or other part of the body of the one who chanced to be out of line. Squadrons of

cavalry were along the route, where they had been stationed to preserve order. Many of them had dismounted, so as to rest themselves from the straight, disagreeable saddles, and were now squatting on the ground smoking and chatting, while the ponies either did the guard duty themselves or bit each other, kicking and squealing in a shameful manner.

Suddenly a cannon was fired, then a bugle sounded in a long, loud call. This was to announce that the procession had left the palace. In a moment all was stir and confusion, the soldiers scrambled to get back to their ponies, the crowds craning their necks and moving as near as they could to the magic line of red down the center of the street.

First came men bearing poles gaily decorated and ornamented with brass rings, which they tossed up and down, giving forth a sharp, metallic sound. Following them came the drummers with their queer, bowl-shaped drums hung horizontally. They carried immense sticks, which they moved to and fro in front of them and up and down about their heads; but only now and then did they bring them down on the drums, and only with a muffled sound. Behind the drummers marched a squad of soldiers. Such a strange uniform they had! If you could

have seen it you would have wondered how they ever moved about and did soldier duty in it. It consisted of a loose black frock with wide sleeves, belted about the waist with a leather girdle adorned with a brass clasp, baggy trousers, padded socks, and straw shoes. The soldiers seemed to be a kind of advance guard for the palace attendants, hundreds of whom now moved past in brown cloaks with glazed sleeves, blue under-robes, and trousers tied near the ankles with pink or red ribbon. They had stiff black hats ornamented with bunches of ribbon and with the feathers of the peafowl. Some were borne in chairs, others were on ponies led by coolies. These riders presented a comical sight perched on saddles that were a foot or more above the ponies' backs. They stood erect in their stirrups, their feet not more than half way down the ponies' sides. Behind them came the high officers in handsomely ornamented chairs, attended by many servants, or on magnificently caparisoned ponies, with banner men bearing silk flags, each with the name and rank of the official. These dignitaries wore robes of orange or of mazarine blue silk and wide crimson trousers fastened about the ankles with knots of gaily-colored ribbon. Their black, high-crowned hats were weighted down with ornamentation,

having long crimson tassels behind and heavy ostrich plumes falling in front. They were secured to the head of the wearer by throat lachets of amber beads.

All at once the great bell began to sound forth. This was the signal that the king was near. At the same moment the cavalry that had been sent to guard the streets began a singular manœuver. This was to turn the tails of their ponies toward the procession. For this was the way in which they were required to receive the king. So, too, the waiting masses must turn their backs, and what they saw of the king and his grandeur must be had through the side of the eye.

Preceding the king came the general of the army. Such gorgeousness, such color, such display! He was fairly loaded with decorations, and so surrounded by banners he looked like a picture in a frame. His pony was not only led, but the general himself had to be held in the saddle by servants walking on either side, for he was so weighted down with clothing that he could not sit steadily, but swayed from side to side. Hundreds of soldiers followed him, some on foot, others riding. There were, too, many banner men and another company of drummers and fifers. These, unlike the first, were using their instruments, and the noise they made was simply deafening.

The king was surrounded by his personal attendants, who wore high peaked hats with projecting wings ornamented with rosettes and streamers of ribbon. There were also standard bearers carrying the royal flag, an immense affair of yellow silk with a winged tiger in the center. There were, too, soldiers, musicians, and various runners. In front of the king's chair was borne a monstrous red silk umbrella. Then came the royal chairs, each gorgeously canopied with red silk. There were two chairs, one being empty, the other containing the king. It was deemed a stroke of safety to have two chairs, as in the case of an assassin he would be very apt to make his attack upon the first chair, which was the empty one. The chair in which the king sat was on a platform borne by forty men. Over the chair was a canopy brilliantly ornamented. This flashed in the sunlight, as did the magnificent robes of the king. The king had a fan with which to protect his face from any ray of the sun that might find its way beneath the canopy. Many hundreds of soldiers, servants and officials followed him, either walking or riding. Like those that preceded him, the costumes of the latter were gorgeous in the extreme. There were, too, tiger hunters magnificently arrayed, and various bands of players and

singers, each vying with the other in the display that was made.

Tatong tried again and again to get a position from which she could catch even a glimpse of the passing Kurdong. But in vain, for each time that she managed to secure a place of advantage she was rudely jostled away, not only by the men and boys, but by women. She had just given up in despair, and was on the point of turning to make her way from the street, when a voice hailed her. At first she could not tell the direction from whence it came. She looked all about her. Who could have called her? The voice sounded again. It was plain now that it came from above. She looked upward, then an exclamation escaped her. It was Nakta who called her, and such a sight met Tatong's eyes as she raised them! For Mokpo's broad back a great saddle something like a platform had been built. It was cushioned and enclosed, and above it hung a canopy. It was just one of the finest pavilions you ever saw! Within it sat Nakta, old Kimri and another woman.

"Come, give me your hand," said Nakta to Tatong, "and climb up."

Tatong looked at the old woman, and her heart stood still. As much as she wanted to climb to that glorious place the fear of old

Kimri restrained her. Could she sit so near to that evil face and piercing eye? What might not happen if she did? But old Kimri did not seem to be noticing her. She was busy with the crowds passing below.

Noting Tatong's hesitancy, Nakta seemed to understand it.

"Do not be afraid of *her*," she said in low tones. "Come! she shall not hurt you."

Thus assured, Tatong reached up her hands and was drawn by Nakta, with the assistance of the other woman, to that splendid place on Mokpo's back. Oh! what a fine sight she had now of every thing! In her delight Tatong, for the moment, forgot old Kimri. She was suddenly recalled to memory by the sharp words, "How did you come here?"

Turning her head Tatong saw old Kimri's eyes fastened upon her.

"Let her alone," said Nakta to her mother. "She is here because I have asked her."

"But I wish to know whence she comes, and I *will* know. Tell me," she demanded, leaning toward Tatong till her wicked old face almost touched her, "from where did you come and whose are you?"

"I came from the house of Mr. Ni, and I am the slave of his wife, as I have before told you," replied Tatong faintly.

"Oh! yes, you did. Now I remember. A slave? Well, that's right! A slave gets beaten, now doesn't she, and starved, too? And there is never enough to wear, is there?" glancing at Tatong's shabby attire.

"How long have you been there?" she asked abruptly.

"Since I was very little. I believe they said it was five years that I was when I came."

"Then you were always a slave?"

"Yes," said Tatong.

"Where are those who should claim you by blood?"

"I do not know," her eyes beginning to fill with tears.

"Let her alone," said Nakta, reaching out her arm as though to shield Tatong. "You hurt her with the questions."

"No mother, no father," said the old woman with a repulsive grin. "Ha! ha! ha!"

Into Tatong's face there came a sudden light. Such warmth was there in the glow that it dispelled even the tears as the sunlight drinks up the dew.

"Yes," she said in a voice that was tremulous with feeling, "I have a Father. The kind stranger said I have."

"What!" exclaimed the old woman. "A father! Who told you?"

Ere Tatong could reply there came an interruption. Some one had approached the pavilion. As the old woman's words rang out shrilly a deep voice said,

“At last I have found you!”

Old Kimri turned her head, then her voice was shriller than ever as she exclaimed,

“It is he! It is he! Get away! Get away! Lead on the ox. We must not stay here!”

Tatong, too, looked over the side of the pavilion, then a cry escaped her. But it was not a cry of fear. It was instead one of joyful surprise. He who had spoken and who stood now close beside Mokpo was none other than the kind stranger!

CHAPTER VII.

IN THE MARBLE PAGODA.

THE old woman seemed beside herself with the desire to get away. She called again and again to the boy, who, standing below, held Mokpo's guiding chain.

"Idiot! softhead! why do you not start the the ox as you are told? Quick! he must go as fast as he can."

"What is the matter?" asked Nakta.

"Mind your own business! only start the boy off with the ox. You hear? You hear?"

"You must listen to me," said the voice again. "There are some things I must know, I will ask."

"Go on! go on!" said old Kimri, but she was speaking to the boy below.

"I can't," he said. "There's no way out. The beast can't go two steps."

"Find a way unless you want to be cast off to starve the rest of your lazy life."

"You cannot elude me now," said the stranger firmly. "You must answer my questions. I *will* know."

He drew nearer, and standing upon a sack of

straw that had been brought as food for Mokpo, raised his face so that his eyes looked full into those of old Kimri. But ere he could utter another word she had stepped out of the pavilion to the neck of Mokpo, thence letting herself to the ground. So quickly was this done and so deftly, despite her years, that it was over ere either the stranger or anyone within the pavilion had caught her intention.

“She must not escape me!” declared the stranger in an agitated manner. “I *must* stop her.”

He stepped from the sack and passed as quickly as he could to the other side of Mokpo, the side on which old Kimri had descended. But by this time she had disappeared in the crowd as completely as though she had been whisked away by some powerful hand. He followed in the direction he believed she had taken as fast as he could possibly make his way through the dense crowd. But it took him minutes to gain even a little advance.

“What can be the matter with her?” asked Nakta anxiously as she leaned over the side of the pavilion, straining her eyes in the direction old Kimri had gone. “Why did she go away in that manner?” she continued. “I am sure the man didn’t do or say anything out of the way. He only wanted to ask some questions.”

“Will she not get hurt in the crowd?” asked the woman.

“No; not she. She knows too well how to take care of herself. But she will not stay long in the crowd. There are places near, to one of which she will go. There we’ll find her when it is so we can move about in search of her.”

The procession was coming now, and with this eyes and thoughts were soon occupied. But in the midst of all the noise and glare and splendors of the Kurdong, Tatong kept saying over and over to herself, “Oh, if the kind stranger had but stayed! If only he had spoken to me again! But he did not seem even to notice me. He was too anxious to speak to old Kimri. Why did she run away in that manner? She seemed afraid of him. Poor old Kimri! if only she knew what good things he had to tell!”

It was but two nights later when Mrs. Ni, to Tatong’s joy, sent her out on the streets alone. Her feet fairly flew along, her heart almost bursting with the gladness that welled up so tumultuously. At last, at last she could go to the Marble Pagoda! She could now hear the sweet and beautiful things for which she had hungered so long.

She hurried through with her errand, then turned her steps in the direction of the Pagoda.

As has been said, it lay in a portion of the city in which not so many people lived as in the other parts. Directly about the Pagoda itself no one dwelt. It was surrounded by a cluster of unoccupied huts that shut the lower stories almost from view. There were people afraid to go about the Marble Pagoda. They said it was haunted; that spirits and demons made it their abode. Tatong had heard these stories, but she paid no heed to them now. The great desire of her heart overshadowed all else, the desire to know, to hear the things that were told within the Marble Pagoda of God, the Father.

Tatong passed between two of the huts and came out into the space in the center of which the Pagoda towered. There was only a dim light, that from the stars, for the moon had not yet come up. By means of it Tatong saw plainly the outlines of the Pagoda. At first she thought no one was there, for she could catch no glimpse of light within. Her heart sank. A feeling of despair took possession of her. Was she after all to be so bitterly disappointed? But even as she was turning away she caught the murmur of voices. She drew nearer, then for the first time she saw a ray of light that made its way through a small chink. Those who had the arranging of the light had doubtless so placed it that it could not be seen from the street.

Timidly Tatong approached. Would the kind stranger really be within? Was his one of the voices she heard? She drew nearer the structure. Now she could reach out her hand and touch it. She was preparing to do so, with the desire to find the means of entrance, when a voice spoke to her out of the darkness. It came so suddenly that Tatong started with fright, uttered a cry, but, luckily, not a loud one, and was on the point of springing away when the next words arrested her. They were gentle and kind.

“Is not this a friend who has come?”

“Yes,” said Tatong faintly.

“A friend who seeks the truth?”

“I come to find him who tells of One who is God, the Father. I call him the kind stranger, for I do not know his name. He has talked to me, and he has told me to come here, where I would hear many more things that are good and beautiful.”

“It is all right. You may enter. He whom you seek, Mr. Ko, is within, and with him also is the white brother, he with the gentle face and the heart that can feel so keenly the woes of another. And the youthful one is there, too, with the tongue that makes music. Enter and be made glad.”

So speaking the owner of the voice touched what seemed to be a small spring. There was a sharp click, then the slighter noise of a door moving on its hinges, and an opening stood revealed. It was not more than two feet broad by about three in length. Tatong saw now for the first time that he who had been speaking to her was an old man. But she felt no fear of him, as would have been usual in another place and under other circumstances, he was so kind and his voice so gentle.

“He is one of those whom the kind stranger has made soft of heart and mild of head,” said Tatong to herself, “through the beautiful things he has told him.”

They had to stoop to enter. The first chamber was unoccupied, though two candles in their gauze frames were burning there. This was only to light the entrance and to point the way to the chamber beyond, within which Tatong now plainly heard the noise of mingled voices.

The Pagoda was about twenty-five feet in diameter. In each story there was a central chamber, the outer space serving as a kind of gallery running all around it. It was a portion of this gallery that had seemed as a chamber to Tatong when first entering it.

The old man approached the inner chamber

and rapped. At once a door was opened from within, a door of sufficient length to be entered without stooping. As it rolled back Tatong's heart gave a great bound at what was revealed. For there within the apartment, which was about twelve feet across by eight or nine in height, were gathered at least a dozen women, one or two men, and about a half dozen children, some about Tatong's size, some even smaller. The women with but three exceptions had their faces uncovered, and these had partly relaxed their hold upon the ugly green cloaks. But it was not the sight of these women or of the men and children that caused Tatong's heart to bound, but that of the kind stranger, who, seated in their midst, was repeating to them what was being read from a book by one beside him. This other one was he with the white face, who, from under the great mourning hat, had given her the glimpse of himself as he had placed in her hand the ardently coveted stick of candy. Was it not strange that he, too, should be here?

Tatong dropped upon her heels in the space the old man pointed out. Then she raised her head, and what joy came to her at that moment! For the kind stranger had looked up. He was glancing directly at her. His eyes lighted up; a smile gathered upon his lips. He had not only

seen, but he had recognized her! What greater joy could she desire? He remembered her, Tatong, the poor, wretched, little slave, about whom few ever thought, and for whom certainly no one cared.

But now he was looking away, and what was this he was saying? It was something the white brother, as the old man had called him, had just read from the book.

“Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven.”

Then one by one as they were told to her Tatong’s thirsty heart drank in the many things, the beautiful, precious things of him who is God, the Father, and of Jesus, his Son, who had come to earth to show us just how sweet and pure a life could be that doeth the will of the Father.

“This Father is God,” continued Mr. Ko, speaking now as he had the words from his white brother, who had closed the book. “His home is in the place called heaven; far above the deep blue sky, even beyond the twinkling stars and the silver orb of the moon. He is great and powerful as well as good. He made all things, even the moon and the stars themselves, and the sun, the great light of the day. He made the

flowers, the trees, the animals, the people in the world, nay, he made the world itself, you, me, every one. As he made all in the spirit of love, so does he want us to bear that spirit in our hearts, to live lives of gentleness and peace, to be merciful, to deal justly with all; that is, to think of another as of ourselves, and to walk so we shall not be ashamed for his eye to rest upon us at any time. This is what is meant by doing the will of the Father; and he who so does will be loved of the Father, and the Father will send blessings upon him. Not only this, but he will be taken to live in that beautiful abode called heaven, where God, the Father, dwells, and where there is no night, but always the light of a day more glorious even than that the sun sends forth."

As the words were finished Tatong bowed her head and sat silent, almost motionless, her heart sore within her. For that which she had just heard, which visibly gave so much joy to those who sat about her, crushed from her own heart all happiness, all hope. This Great One, God, could never be *her* Father, O no! Again the recognition of this had come, and with double force. He was too great, too powerful. How could it be? Had not the kind stranger said he was Lord of all, of heaven and of earth? How

then could he give even a thought to a miserable little slave like herself? Oh, it could not be!

But now again her attention was attracted. Some one had asked a question. Earlier in the evening the white brother had read of a wonderful thing that had been done by Jesus, the Son of the Father. He had raised a woman from the dead, the daughter of a great ruler. Not only had she been brought to life again, but she remained so; that is, she lived for many years afterwards.

“Was not this a strange thing for him to do,” asked one of the men, “to raise from the dead a woman? Why did he not raise a man? For do you not know what is said, ‘A woman is not worth a cherry stone, but a man many cherry trees?’”

“Jesus, the Heavenly One,” spoke Mr. Ko gently, “makes no difference between man or woman. He gives to each alike the privilege of entering the mansions of heaven. He says to all, ‘Come,’ and those who heed the call and obey it, whether they are men or women, will receive the reward he has promised, the entrance into the Kingdom and a share in the glories of the King.

“But Jesus did also raise man from the dead,” continued Mr. Ko. He reached for the book,

and himself read the tender, touching story of the calling from the dead of the widow's son.

Again the men expressed their surprise. Jesus had done this for a woman, he had brought the young man back to life because of his sorrow for the mother who wept.

"As his heart always showed sorrow, tenderness for the weak, the helpless, the unfortunate while on earth, so he loves and cares for them now," spoke Mr. Ko, his eyes misty with feeling.

Tatong heard the words and her heart leaped. It came up in her throat and stayed there, throbbing, throbbing, throbbing. Jesus, the Son of the Father, cared for the weak, the helpless, the unfortunate. Sorrow touched his heart. He had stopped to look upon the woman in pity. He had said, "Weep not." Then he stretched forth his hand, and lo, the grand, the beautiful thing was done! the son stood up, and the mother wept no more. Oh! how good, how gracious, how loving was this Jesus! Maybe if he knew of her, of her, poor, little, wretched slave Tatong, who longed with all her heart to find a father, a father who cared, who would be sorry for her, who would pity her misery, and never let her be starved nor beaten again—yes, maybe if he, this Jesus with the kind and tender heart, knew of all these things, he would sorrow with her, too,

he would tell God, the Father, of her. Then his heart, too, might be turned to her, the heart of God, the Father, and he would take some of the hardness and sorrow out of her life, even if he did not think her fit to go to live with him in his home above the sky.

But once more poor Tatong's heart was to have hope crushed from it. For Mr. Ko was reading again. It was about the things that had been done by this Jesus, whom he now called the Saviour of men. Jesus had come to earth to show men the way to the Father. Then the Father was very angry with them, for they had not done as he desired them to do. He had said they must all die for their sin and disobedience. But now such a great thing as Jesus did! This was why he had been called the Saviour. He had himself died to save man from the wrath of the Father. He had suffered a terrible death nailed by his hands and feet to beams of wood called a cross. They had even pierced his side with a sharp and cruel spear to make sure that he was dead.

Tatong could bear to hear no more. She dropped her head to her hands and began to weep in all the bitterness of sorrow and of despair. If Jesus, the tender, the loving one were dead, how could he help her as she desired? He

could not, that was certain. She must give up all hope of that now. And Oh! such a terrible, such a cruel death as he had died! Even the cut of the canes through her flesh was as nothing to those nails driven through his feet and his hands. And to hang as he had done upon those terrible beams of wood, with the cruel spear wound in his side. Oh, the agony of it! How had he ever endured? And to think that the ones who had put him to death were some of the very ones for whom he had died! The tears trickled through Tatong's fingers as she thus wept and thought in bitterness and despair of heart.

But what was this Mr. Ko was now saying? Ere he had uttered many words of it Tatong had raised her head and was listening eagerly.

"They took the body of Jesus down from the cross. It was placed in a tomb cut in the rock. A great stone was rolled against it, and those who had crucified him came and sealed it up and even set men to watch it, fearing lest those who loved him should come and steal the body away. For Jesus had said that on the third day he would rise again from the dead. They did not believe him. They thought his disciples, those who followed him, would steal the body, and in this way make the people believe that Jesus had

himself risen from the dead. Wonderful to relate, Jesus did arise from the dead and of his own power! For at dawn of the third day, when those who loved him came to look upon the spot where he lay and to bring sweet spices to his tomb, they found the stone rolled away and a shining angel of the Lord within, who spoke to them, telling them that Jesus was no longer among the dead, that he had arisen and gone away, and that shortly they should see him. And they did see him and he spoke to them and comforted them, telling them again of the joys of heaven that he was going to prepare for them. Afterwards, in the midst of the clouds, with many holy ones about him, he was caught up and carried to the Father. There he sitteth to-day on the right hand of him who is God, the Father, and he ever maketh plea for us in our weakness and our sin."

Once more Tatong's heart was wildly athrob. Jesus was not then dead! He who had the power to raise others had raised himself. Why, she might have known he could if she had only thought about it as she ought! Yes, Jesus was alive! He had ascended to heaven, the home of the Father. And what was that Mr. Ko had said about his pleading with the Father for us? Oh, could it be true that he did? If so, then here

was the very way, the way for which her heart had so long cried out in its sore distress. Oh, she must find out more about Jesus, the Saviour! How good, how beautiful he was! She must ask how she could send him a message, how she could let him know the sorrow of her heart, the woe of her lot as a poor, despised slave, how she longed for him to plead for her with God, the Father.

Something strange was happening now that is very strange to Tatong. In the wonder that possessed her as she looked upon it and listened to it she forgot for the time the thoughts surging so tumultuously through her heart.

Mr. Ko had stopped talking, so, too, had the white brother. They had each taken up a book again, but not the ones they had had at first. These books were smaller, and they were flatter, too.

Mr. Ko turned and spoke to some one on the other side of him, some one who until now had been so in the shadow, so concealed behind the others, that Tatong had not seen him. But now as, in response to Mr. Ko's words, he came fully into view an exclamation escaped Tatong. It was the boy with whom she had met on the market day, the one who had been so kind, who had so bravely rescued her scattered coins.

Tatong's heart began to beat louder and still louder. Would he see her, and, if he did, would he recognize her? How often she had wished that she might meet him again, so that she might say to him the words she ought to have said to him at first! Surely now she could say them without her tongue being glued to the roof of her mouth. If she could not, then she would beg the kind stranger to speak to him for her. On this she was resolved. He had been so good, and she had not shown him how she thanked him.

But what was this they were going to do? The youth drew nearer. He placed himself between Mr. Ko and the white brother. Then each opened a book, and such sweet, such beautiful sounds as came forth, but not loud sounds. Instead they were soft and low, and Tatong knew that they were made thus that they might not reach the ears of those who passed along the streets. It was something that was done in honor of him of whom they had just read. Tatong caught this much from the whispered words of two women who sat next to her.

How eager, how attentive was each one in the little circle as the sweet sounds were given forth! The three women who had covered their faces forgot to clutch the ugly green cloaks as tightly

as they usually held them. Their fingers relaxed, the folds fell away, and with faces that showed all the deep emotion that swayed them they leaned forward drinking in every word.

Tatong had never heard anything so sweet, so beautiful as this before. Her very heart seemed to answer it, sound for sound, and when it stopped she knew not whether to weep for the very joy it had sent throbbing through her, or to cry out and laugh in her happiness.

The white brother and the youth now ceased singing, but Mr. Ko, having opened the book at another place, was again speaking to them through the sweet sounds. To Tatong's joy this was in the language she understood. It was about this same great One of whom they had heard, God, the Father. He was rich in houses and lands, in silver and gold, yet all who obeyed him was, with Jesus, the Saviour, the child of this King. How happy Mr. Ko was! how his face shone as he declared again and again that he, too, was the child of the King! The words stirred Tatong to the very core of her heart. Oh! if she could only *know* that she, too, was his child, that he was *her* Father. She must know, she must find this out. She could go no longer with all this doubt, this uncertainty. The kind stranger had told her that God, the Father,

was her Father, too, but again and again she had felt that it must be a mistake, since God was so mighty a King, so rich and so powerful. How could it be?

Again the strange thing that was done struck Tatong with wonder and awe. Each head was bent reverently, the hands of several clasped as in supplication, as, in a deep, low voice trembling now and then with its weight of feeling, the white brother talked—to them Tatong thought at first—but soon she understood it was to some one they could not see. At last, with a thrill that caused her heart to beat almost wildly, she realized that it was to God, the Father, this great King of heaven and of earth. Was there then really a way to talk to him? And could he hear? Oh, joy! joy! if this were so, for now at last she might reach him!

CHAPTER VIII.

“THEY CAST ME OUT TO DIE.”

THERE was now a murmur of voices all about Tatong, for the services had closed, and the people had lingered to talk with each other a while ere going home. It took but a few minutes for her to learn about the kind stranger, or Mr. Ko, as she would now call him; for on all sides she heard the busy, grateful tongues speaking his name and that, too, of the white brother, whom they sometimes mentioned as Mr. Ross. He, the white brother, had been three years in Seoül, Mr. Ko all his life. It was the coming of the white brother and the learning of the many beautiful things he had to tell that had made Mr. Ko so different from others of his own people. But Mr. Ko had not heard the truths for the first time on the coming of the white brother. There had been one other before Mr. Ross, who had told him the same things, but though he had heard the truths and they had seemed very wonderful to him, yet he had not fully believed them until the coming of the white brother. Then they had fastened them-

selves upon his heart, his eyes had been opened, and since then his greatest joy had been in going about telling the wonderful things to whosoever would listen. He was not a poor man, though he kept himself so by giving away all his income except enough to meet the actual wants of himself and the youth, Kit-ze, whom, Tatong learned, with great surprise, was the son of the kind stranger. Oh, then no wonder the son had been so gentle and so kind with such a father to lead him!

Tatong learned, too, that there was a sorrow, a deep sorrow in the life of Mr. Ko, and had been for a long while. No one seemed to know just what it was, as he had never spoken about it himself, but the impression seemed to be that it was about some one who was dead or whom he had lost, and for whom he was hunting. There were one or two who said that this sorrow had been much greater since he had heard and believed the teachings of the white brother, these teachings which proclaimed love, justice and mercy.

Tatong heard now for the first time why it was the white brother went around under the mourning hat. There were those who had threatened his life because of the reports that had gone abroad with reference to the babies

that had been picked up and carried to the mission house, which Tatong learned was the name of the white brother's home, and was also the place where Mr. Ko and Kit-ze lived. He had picked up the poor little girl babies that had been left by their parents to die, and had carried them to this sweet home, where they could have kindness and care. But there were those who hated his teachings, and so they had done great mischief by publishing it abroad that the "foreign devils," as they called Mr. Ross and his workers, had taken the babies to kill them and make medicine out of them to cure diseases that they professed to treat. Since then there had been much bitterness displayed against the missionary when he showed himself in the streets, and also against Mr. Ko, who was known to assist him. More than once they had been attacked by a small mob, and at one time the missionary had received a bad wound. It had left a long scar across his forehead.

The meetings were held in the Marble Pagoda, because there were some who could not go to the mission house. It was too far away. They could not remain from home long enough. Others again declared that they were afraid to go after all the threats that had been made. If they were seen entering the house they would

never be allowed to go again. Further than this, they might be violently attacked, even killed. So the Marble Pagoda had been selected as the place of meeting, and because of the excited state of feeling among many who had declared their enmity, they, the worshippers, were as secret as possible.

Tatong had stood for some minutes listening to the murmur of voices and learning all these things. She knew no one among the small crowd of men and women, nor did any of them at first seem to notice her. They were too busy for a while greeting each other and comparing experiences since the last meeting. A lonely, hungry feeling crept into Tatong's heart and a mist of tears veiled her eyes. Could it be that no one would notice her? that no one would speak to her? They were so friendly with each other, so glad to meet again, altogether different from what the little slave had ever seen people before, that it filled her with astonishment. But more astonished was she to see the kind and friendly way in which the men spoke to the women. Truly the "Jesus Doctrine," as they called it, was a wonderful, wonderful thing to change people so!

The tears welled up into Tatong's eyes and began to fall one by one upon her cheeks. For a

time it seemed as though not even the kind stranger would greet her. He was kept very busy returning greetings, for all wanted to speak to him. They crowded around, some of them clasping his hand. This was a very strange custom to Tatong, and as she saw it she wondered more and more.

But at last he had turned and advanced until he stood directly in front of Tatong. What a sweet expression there was on his face! how warm the light in his eyes! Her heart swelled and swelled as she saw it. It seemed that it would surely burst with its weight of joy. Never in all her life had any one looked at her in this way. There had been blows and harsh words and angry looks, but never such warmth, such glow of kindness as this. It was surely that she was dreaming, that she would awaken shortly and find it all a cruel mistake. But no, he was really there, he was standing before her, he was looking down upon her face with eyes that showed pity, sympathy, tenderness. His voice, too, was speaking to her, and Oh! what gentleness, what kindness there was in it!

“At last you have come, little friend,” he said.

“Yes, kind sir,” replied Tatong, her voice all in a tremble with emotion.

“I was afraid it would be so you could not

come. I have looked for you many times in the little crowd."

"My mistress did not send me on the street so that I could come until to-night, though I thought more than once she would do it, and my heart was so full of joy. But each time before this she came with me."

"And is your mistress still unkind?" he asked gently.

"Oh, sir!" this was all that Tatong could utter at the moment, but it was enough. He fully understood it. Her emotion spoke more than words could.

"Poor child! But she surely did not beat you the time you were at the market," he continued. "I have been anxious about that, anxious to know. Tell me that the cash I was able to give you did what I hoped they could."

"O sir, it seemed that, despite your kindness, all went bad for me. There was a funeral. I had to wait until it crossed the street. Then other things delayed me. My mistress would not believe me. She was angry, and so she beat me with the bamboos; she beat me upon the places that were still sore from the last time. O sir, it did hurt so!"

Mr. Ko shuddered. What a story this was for his tender heart!

“Poor little one! poor little one!” he exclaimed. “Can it be that you must really endure this? Is there no one who could prevent it?”

“O sir, I think not. There is no one who cares enough to do that.”

“Child, do not talk so! There must be some one, some one on whom you have a claim, some one who has an interest in you.”

“Sir, in all the world there is no one who has an interest, except,” correcting herself, “it is Chansa and Kom; but Chansa herself is badly treated and Kom is so little.”

“But where are those from whom you were taken by Mr. Ni?”

“O sir, they did not care. The man found me outside the wall in the ditch, where I had been thrown to die. He sold me to Mr. Ni for money; that was all he wanted.”

“But will not Mr. Ni sell you again?” asked Mr. Ko suddenly.

“I do not know. He is not here now. He is away in the war.”

“When is he coming home? I know that sometimes it is not hard for certain of the soldiers to get leave of absence, and he may be one of them. Is he coming soon?”

“I think I heard them say that it might be

shortly. I know Mrs. Ni had a message soon after the battle, and Mr. Ni said he had had enough of war."

"Then he may come very soon. Let us hope that he will. In the meantime, my child, endure as best you can. It is hard, I know, but surely a way out of all this trial and suffering may yet be found. Be patient and brave of heart."

"O sir, I do try. I have tried more than ever since I have seen you, and you have been so kind, since I have known that one could care."

She raised her large dark eyes to him pathetically. The look he saw within them was like a stab to his heart. Oh, if he only had it in his power to end right now the misery he knew she endured! If he could only send the sunshine through her wretched lot! How much a little kindness, a few gently-spoken words had seemed to her! She treasured them as she would not have done a gleaming store of silver poured out at her feet.

"Have you never seen or heard anything of those to whom you belong?" asked Mr. Ko somewhat suddenly of Tatong.

"I have never seen or heard anything: I do not know who or where they are. O sir, why should I want to know?"

"Why, my child, it would seem your very

loneliness and misery would give you the desire to know something of those to whom you are bound by the ties of blood. They would be something akin to you, something on which you had a claim."

"Sir, I would not seek to make the claim!" declared Tatong, her eyes flashing. "I would not care to know them. I would rather I never looked upon them. For, O sir, did they not cast me away to die? Did they not throw me where the beasts could devour me?"

"But it may not have been your own who did this," said Mr. Ko gently. "Many dreadful things have happened to girl babies that have not come through their own families. Sometimes they have been stolen through jealousy among the women, or through the desire to inflict torture upon another woman's heart. I knew of a case like that," he added, his voice so low now Tatong could just hear the words, while his face had such a sad expression, his eyes a far-away look.

"I do not think it was my mother who threw me away," said Tatong quickly. "Chansa says that the mothers do not often themselves throw their babies away, and then nearly every time it is because they are made to do it. It is the fathers and brothers, and maybe the old grand-

mothers. O sir, I think it must have been one of those who threw me away. But, O sir," stopping suddenly and looking at him with eyes wide open in their questioning, "if my father is what you say he is, how could *he* have done it?"

"Your father, my child? I do not understand you."

"Oh! do you not remember how you have said that he is good and great, and has much power to do many things?"

"How could I have said that, Tatong, when I do not know your father, have not the remotest idea, in fact, as to who he is?"

He looked at her deeply perplexed. What could she mean?

"O sir, have you not told me of One who cared, of One who is God, my Father?"

The light of a sudden knowledge glowed in his face, his eyes grew tenderer still with feeling.

"Yes, Tatong, I have. There is One who cares for you, One who is God, your Father. But he is your Heavenly Father, while the other of whom we have been speaking is your earthly father."

"O sir, have I *two* fathers?"

"That depends, my Tatong, on whether your earthly father is living. But of a certainty you

have one Father, he who is in heaven. If you love and serve him as he desires you to do, he will never desert nor forsake you. His heart is tender and full of compassion. He loves his children as no earthly father loves.”

“O sir, O sir, is it really true that he is my Father? He is so great, so full of power, how *could* it be that he is the father of a poor little slave like Tatong?”

“My child, not only God is great, but his heart is great. He cares for and loves the poor and the lonely as well as the rich and mighty. It makes no difference to him that Tatong is a poor little slave; he loves and cares for Tatong.”

“O sir, you make my heart almost cry out in happiness. It is so full of joy it cannot keep still. Oh! tell me how I may get a message to this Great One you assure me is my Father? How may I send him word of the trouble and sorrow of poor Tatong? Oh! kind sir, do you think he would come and see? do you think he would leave his home long enough to come and look just once upon the poor little wretched slave and pity her and speak words that would tell her how sorry he is?”

“Tatong, the Great One, God, your Father, of whom I have told you, has his home in heaven. It is not according to his plan that he should

come and see Tatong; but Tatong may go to him."

Tatong pressed a step nearer. Her eyes were glowing, her lips apart, while her breath came in quick, short respirations.

"Tatong may go to him? Oh! do you really mean that? *Could* this be?"

"Yes, Tatong, this can be; it is God who has so planned it. If you love and serve him here as he tells you to do, he will take you to the beautiful home in heaven, there to live with him."

"When will he take me? Oh! when may I go?"

"Whenever it is his will, child. You must first live out your life on earth, then God will take you to heaven."

"O sir, not until *then?* not until *then?* It is so hard, so bitter, the life that is now, how *can* I endure it?"

"You must endure it with what bravery you can, my poor Tatong, remembering that God sees you; that he knows all about it; that he pities, though he does not come to tell you so. In the degree that you are faithful and brave, that you put your trust in him and do as he would have you, so will he reward you when he takes you to live with him in heaven."

"Then tell me what it is he wishes me to do.

O sir, I will try with all my power to do it, though it will be ever so hard to go on in the old life with the harsh words and the blows, and never any one to say a single kind thing except poor Chansa, who is herself abused, and little Kom."

"That I will, little friend; I will tell you all I can tell, and the white brother will tell you more. You must come here whenever you can. Could it not be so that you could come to the mission house, too?" he asked suddenly.

"Where is that?" asked Tatong.

He told her. She did not know just where it was, but had an idea as to its direction. By making inquiries she felt sure she could find it. But now a great difficulty presented itself. If she went to the mission house it must be during the day, for Mr. Ko and the white brother were at the Marble Pagoda at night. Could she ever get the opportunity of going then? She feared not, and her heart sank.

Mr. Ko sought to cheer her all that he could. He told her that sometimes she might be sent on an errand in the neighborhood of the mission house. Then she could stop, if it were only for a little while. There were ever so many sweet and interesting things she would see and hear. There were girls just like herself, some of whom

had been in lots as lonely and almost as hard as her own. They, too, had had abuse and harsh words. But now they were bright and happy, and were learning so many things that it had been said again and again women and girls could never learn. There were, too, sweet-faced, gentle-tongued women from the far-away land, whence the white brother had come, one of them his own wife. They loved these girls and cared for them, and taught them, and would make of them some day such women as it had never been dreamed there could be in Korea.

As Tatong listened to these words and saw with her mind's eye the beautiful picture as it was brought before her, her heart swelled and the tears filled her eyes. Would it ever be that she, too, could enter this lovely place and be taught as these girls were taught? If poor Tatong had ever learned a sentence of prayer, it would have been uttered now. The cry of her heart would have been, "O God, my Father, grant this to me!"

While Mr. Ko was talking Kitze had approached. He gave Tatong a look of recognition, then stood with a portion of his father's robe clasped affectionately in his hand.

As Mr. Ko ceased speaking Tatong raised her head and glanced at Kitze. She tried to speak,

but it seemed her tongue would not move. Oh! how she wanted to speak! how much she longed to tell this good, gentle boy of the gratitude that was in her heart for what he had done!

Mr. Ko noticed the expression on her face. He saw that she wanted to say something, but could not. He reached out his hand and placed it gently upon her shoulder.

“What is it, Tatong, that you would tell us?”

“O sir, O sir, I want to speak and can’t! The words will not come. The one by your side! It is he—he who was so good to me, who picked up the ‘cash’ when the bad boys had scattered or stolen it. I ought to have thanked him then, but I did not. My heart was so full, and I could not see for the tears. But now I must say it, I must tell him what my heart has felt all this time, if only I can so he will understand. It was such a great thing for him to do, and it did seem as though I did not care. But, sir, I did, I did!”

“So it was you, Kitze,” said Mr. Ko, looking upon his young son with fondness beaming from his eye, “who rescued as much of the child’s ‘cash’ as was spared to her?”

“It was a little thing after all, sir,” said Kitze modestly. “She is making it appear much greater than it was. You need not say more to me,” he added gently, and looking at Tatong.

“I understand what it is you would tell me, though I feared then you did not like what I had done. It seemed to hurt you, and that made me feel sad. I did not know it was because your heart was so full you could not speak.”

“Well, Mr. Ko,” said a kind, blithe voice at this moment, “are you talking to the little one with a view of bringing her to the mission?”

It was Mr. Ross who spoke. He had advanced and stood near them. All the others had left the Pagoda by this time with the exception of two old women, who had lingered for some words with him, and were just going out the door.

“I wish with all my heart I could,” said Mr. Ko in reply to the question.

“What is there to hinder?”

“The poor child’s surroundings are such, the difficulties in the way of her coming could not be overcome.”

“Her’s is a life of servitude!”

“Yes, she is slave to the family of a Mr. Ni.”

“I thought it a case of that kind.” Then he added with a sigh, “The poor child’s appearance touched my heart the first time I ever saw her.”

He seemed to forget that Tatong could hear him. The words had evidently slipped from his lips unawares.

She heard them plainly, and she cried quickly, "O sir, as soon as I saw you to-night I remembered it was you who had given me the candy!"

He turned and glanced straight into her eyes.

"Why, how did you see my face well enough for that?" he asked.

"I had but a glimpse, sir. It was enough. I never could have forgotten you after that. Then, sir," she added, and hesitated.

"Go on," he said kindly.

"You, sir, are the first one of your people I have ever seen; that is, near by."

"That is strange," he said quickly. "There are several of us here now."

"Yes, sir; so I have heard, but I have never seen another except at a distance, and then he was walking away."

"I hope, little friend," said Mr. Ross after a pause, "that you enjoyed the candy."

"O sir, I did not get to eat it. I am so sorry to have to tell you. The old woman who is the mother of Nakta, who has the great ox, Mokpo, who came to the Kurdong with the pavilion on him all hung with yellow—Oh! she frightened me so that market day, just after you had given me the candy, that I let it fall into her lap and could not take it again. I ran away as fast as

ever I could. I was so afraid she would call to me.”

“Why, she must be a dreadful creature to have frightened you so?”

“O sir, she is! Her face is full of scowls. It is terrible, and she has great fangs as the tigers have. Do you not remember, sir,” turning to Mr. Ko, “how she glared at you the day of the Kurdong when you came to the side of the pavilion and—”

“What!” cried Mr. Ko, and so sharply it made poor Tatong jump and caused both Mr. Ross and Kitze to look at him in sudden surprise. “What! *you* were there? *You* saw? Then you can tell me what I *must* know. Where does this creature live? Quick! speak the words. Where can I find her?”

“O sir, I cannot tell. All I know is that it is out the South Gate along the river, near to the village where there are many chestnuts, and there are *mirioks* by the way.”

“O child, try to think! Have you not heard that which will enable you to give me the directions more clearly?”

“There is nothing. I have tried to remember more, but I cannot. It was Nakta who told me. Maybe I will see her again, and she will say the words to me once more. Then, sir, I will do my best to remember better.”

“It is the old woman whom I have long sought,” he said, turning to Mr. Ross; “she who has made so much sorrow and bitterness for my life.”

They were out of the Pagoda by this time and standing for a few moments under the stars ere they said good-night to Tatong. How strange and sweet the words sounded in her ears! She had never heard them before. She had to be told their meaning. How they lingered in her heart! What music they made in her ears!

To his good-night Mr. Ko had added, “Be brave, my child!”

“My child!” The term struck her with peculiar force. More than once that evening he had used it, and every time Tatong’s heart had leaped in recognition with a strange, glad feeling. Oh, if it could really be! If there were in the world such a father for her, and in heaven One so great and powerful as God, the Father, Oh! she felt the happiness would be greater than she could bear! She would surely die with the joy of it.

CHAPTER IX.

THE WEDDING AT MR. NI'S.

THE go-between had been again to the home of Mr. Ni, and now the time for Fuyu's wedding was set. At first they had intended to await the return of Mr. Ni, but of late a messenger had come from him to the effect that matters regarding the army were in such an uncertain state he did not know just when he could get his leave of absence. He directed that Fuyu's wedding come off as intended, and that Yin, his oldest son, have charge of all the arrangements with the same power to act as himself. This suited Fuyu exactly, for she had been afraid that she would have to wait the coming of her father, never mind how long a time it might be. Her fear now was that her brother would not have things carried out in the style her father would.

Fuyu, though but a child in years—she was only fifteen—was a woman at heart. She looked forward to this event as the greatest of her life. There was nothing that could ever happen to her that would give her more self-consequence or

cause her more elevation. According to Fuyu's way of reckoning it, every unmarried woman who looked upon her would be overcome with envy, for was it not considered the deepest disgrace for a woman to reach the age of eighteen, even less, without being spoken in marriage?

Poor, silly Fuyu! how soon would all things become changed. How quickly would the roseate hue, the glamour that now surrounded her, turn to the chill, gray pall of ill-usage and neglect, woman's well-nigh universal lot after marriage in Korea, and even before. Mr. Kibi might be better than many of his kind, doubtless was, but, hedged about as he was by the harsh customs and requirements, there was but little prospect for anything but a hard lot for Fuyu. Even her name would be a thing of the past. But she did not give this a thought at present. Her whole mind was concentrated on the preparations for the coming ceremony.

Two days before the wedding the marriage contract was sent in. This came from the bridegroom's father. Mr. Yin received it. There were certain provisions set forth as well as questions asked, to which answers must be given. The same evening the contract came back. It was satisfactory. The necessary signatures had all been affixed. By the same bearers Fuyu's

prospective father-in-law sent the pieces of silk from which her outer wedding garments were to be made. Fuyu's eyes danced when she saw them.

"Get at once to work," she said roughly to Tatong. "You must sew with all your might. Mind now, if I catch you halting the first time I'll see to it that that mouth of yours gets nothing to put in it till the last stitch is made."

The others now gathered about, each taking the portion of the garment she was to make. But the bulk of the work was to fall upon poor Tatong. She sewed until her back felt sore and stiff and her fingers were pricked and aching. She strained her eyes until she could see no more, then Mrs. Ni ordered her to get out the rush lights.

"You are a trifling thing," declared Mrs. Ni. "You have not sewed as you ought, or you would have more done. Now you will sew until I tell you to stop, if it is through half the night."

Poor Tatong! it was true her hands had not moved with the swiftness they could have shown, for her thoughts, instead of being on the cloth, were far, far away, and now and then her needle paused altogether.

It was a funny needle. It had an ear instead of an eye, and Tatong's thimble was of stiff

paper instead of silver or other metal, such as those to which you are used.

Tatong was thinking of the Marble Pagoda, of Mr. Ko, the kind one, of the white brother, and the gentle, manly Kitze. How she longed to see them! How her heart cried out to be with them again! What a sweet atmosphere surrounded them! an atmosphere entirely different from any the poor little slave had ever known. For that matter, it was different from anything of which she had ever dreamed.

They, the gentle, kind ones, were doubtless on their way to the Pagoda even now. How eager and interested the crowd that would gather about them! What happiness would glow on their faces! Oh, if she could only be one of them! Why did not Mrs. Ni think of something for which to send her? She felt almost like proposing something herself. But, no, that would not do, for Mrs. Ni was very alert. She would be sure to suspect, and then there would be more sharp, cruel words for Tatong.

Once again the desire came to Tatong to tell Mrs. Ni of the gathering of the little circle of earnest listeners in the Marble Pagoda. Perhaps she, too, might go to hear. And what might not be the effect of these beautiful things upon even poor, harsh-hearted Mrs. Ni? But just as

Tatong, after a hard battle with herself, had opened her lips to speak, there came that stern, sharp command from her mistress and the order to get out the rush lights. It effectually sealed her lips.

By noon of the next day the garments were finished. Then came the sacrificing ordered by Mr. Yin before the ancestral tablets. Their ancestors, he declared, must be acquainted with the event about to take place, else might they be angry and show their displeasure in a disagreeable way if they were neglected. It would never do for any evil to happen. There must be plenty of rice, fruit, and *mochi*, and they must have candles instead of the dim rush lights. They, the respected dead, must not be insulted by being asked to take a look at the offerings by so poor a light. This sacrifice took place shortly after the coming of the evening star, even Kom being required to do his part.

At last the day dawned, though it seemed to Fuyu it never would, and, alas! poor Fuyu, on this very day, even before the ceremony had begun that pronounced her the wife of Mr. Kibi, the sign of her servitude had been set upon her. This was the sealing together of her eyelids by means of a thick paste that did its part so well not a ray of light found its way to her. She was

then arrayed in her robes of silk, with red, the emblem of rejoicing, the principal color throughout. Her face was covered with powder, red spots being painted on it here and there. Her hair was divided into two parts, each of which was rolled, one being placed upon the extreme top of her head, the other near the back. Through each was run a long metal hairpin fully a foot in length.

Kom, who had been on the watch, now ran in, and, with much noise, informed them that Mr. Kibi was coming. He was on horseback, and with him his father and several attendants. Two of these walked before him, both attired in red. One of them carried a large, white umbrella, and the other a goose, with a red string run through her bill.¹

The bridgroom was finely arrayed. He had on a robe of light blue shot with red. Around his waist was a girdle of deep crimson, fastened with a large buckle of rhinoceros horn. His hair was at the top of his head in the usual marriage knot, and over it a little cap of black horse-hair, through the meshes of which, when the outer hat was removed, it gleamed, for Mr. Kibi had given it a vigorous polishing with lamp-

¹ The goose is regarded as the emblem of fidelity by the Koreans.

black. His outer hat, an immense affair, which looked exactly like a flower pot turned down on a table, was held securely by means of throat latchet ribbons, with pads for the ears.

Behind Mr. Kibi came ten or twelve other attendants, each bearing an unlighted lantern covered with red paper. His father rode beside him. He, too, was arrayed in gay apparel, but his face was as solemn as that of a judge sitting on the bench.

A platform had been arranged in the principal apartment. It was decked with streamers of red, to which were fastened bits of tinsel and paper of various colors. In front of this was a table covered with a red cloth.

The go-between had charge of everything. She was a fussy, noisy old woman, used to having her own way, and bent on having it in spite of everything. She and Fuyu came near a collision several times. But now that Fuyu's eyes were sealed, she was not to speak a word, not even after the ceremony, at least not for some time. The longer she remained quiet the more wisdom would it be decided she possessed.

As the house was reached Mr. Kibi took the goose from the hands of the man and himself bore it in, handing it to the go-between, who stood ready to receive it. In the meantime the

family and wedding guests had grouped themselves about the platform, the bridegroom and his attendants standing as far apart as the size of the room would permit.

Fuyu was now led in by two women, each of whom held her hand. Preceding them came the go-between bearing the goose. The bird was restless and showed her displeasure. To quiet her the old woman had fed her with *mochi*, alternately passing portions to her own mouth.

As Fuyu appeared Mr. Kibi ascended the platform, in the center of which a mat had been placed, and on it a small table with rice, fruit, tea and *mochi*. Fuyu was guided by the two women to a position on this mat directly in front of Mr. Kibi. The go-between, still bearing the goose, placed herself at Mr. Kibi's right. Directed by her attendants, Fuyu bowed twice to Mr. Kibi, then twice to her future father-in-law, who stood near. As she finished Mr. Kibi in turn bowed four times to her. These bows were very elaborate, and in order to give them, each bent the body until the forehead was within only a short space of the floor. The marriage ceremony was now at an end, for in Korea the bowing forms very nearly all that there is of it.

The bride sank upon her knees beside the little table, the groom doing likewise. Then the

go-between poured out a cup of tea and handed it to the groom. He merely touched it to his lips and handed it back again, when it was conveyed to the bride. She, in turn, merely placed her lips to the cup, after which it was returned to the groom. This time he drank it. In like manner the rice, fruit, and other articles of food on the table were served and disposed of, the groom eating, the bride making only a pretense of so doing. In the meantime the red cord had been slipped from the beak of the goose, and she, too, had been allowed to partake of the rice and *mochi* from the wedding table, the go-between feeding her.

The bride and groom now arose, each proceeding to separate apartments, the goose being borne in front of the bride. Once within the room, Fuyu could eat all she desired in private. The departure of the newly-wedded pair was the signal for the general feast to begin, and the family and guests were soon seated around the various small tables that had been provided. In an astonishingly short space of time everything in the shape of edibles had almost entirely disappeared.

Having satisfied themselves, the guests departed one by one. Mr. Kibi remained until well into the afternoon, then he returned to his

father's house, leaving the command for Fuyu to follow. In about an hour from the time of his departure she came out of her room all bundled up, no portion of her face showing except her eyes and a narrow strip of her forehead. This seemed really a burlesque, since the poor thing's eyes were still sealed. Not as yet had she looked upon her husband's face. Only as the go-between had described him had she an idea as to his appearance.

It was now nearly dusk, so two women, with Tatong, and a man bearing a couple of lanterns were sent to attend her. Arriving at the house of Mr. Kibi, she was presented to her mother-in-law, and for the second time to her father-in-law, making profound bows to each, her eyes still sealed, the powder and red patches on her face. This ceremony completed, her husband ordered her back to the home of her parents until it should be his pleasure to come for her, which he did later in the evening. It was then that her eyes were unsealed.

Fuyu was now the wife of Mr. Kibi, not Mrs. Kibi, as would have been said in our Christian land. Never again would she have a name of her own, unless now and then her husband, as a special favor, permitted her to be called by it to serve some purpose. Now she was to be re-



STREET IN SEOUL, KOREA.

garded, not as a human being, but as a slave, a bearer of burdens, as were the donkeys and oxen of the streets. Poor, weak, silly Fuyu! how quickly would she awaken from the glamor of the dream by which she had been possessed. Even now was she realizing, though in a small degree, what it meant to be a wife in Korea.

The day following the wedding Tatong was sent into the streets. Fuyu had gone home with Mr. Kibi, but, in the haste of her departure, she had left something that Mrs. Ni declared she must have without delay; so Tatong was dispatched to carry it. She went with all speed, for she had determined that on her way back she would look into the Marble Pagoda. Even the sight of it, she felt, would be as the dew of joy to her thirsty heart. Just to let her eyes rest upon the spot where the kind and gentle ones had stood, and where she had heard such beautiful truths—oh, what happiness it would be!

As usual, the streets in the vicinity of the Pagoda were somewhat deserted, though to-day, in going thither, Tatong had met or overtaken more people than at any previous time. Two of the men she passed were talking excitedly. They were so much taken up with what they were saying that they had even stopped in the street

to finish the discussion. Tatong heard one of them say,

“It served him right. He had no business to take up with that white-faced devil and follow his teachings. I knew it would lead to evil. I told him so, but he would not believe me. In future I guess he’ll pay attention to a kindly warning.”

Tatong started and looked at the men closely. Could it be that they were talking about the white brother and Mr. Ko? Whom else could it be? There was surely no one else who had “teachings” to give, or whom they called “a white devil.” Her heart was urging her to speak to them, to find out what they meant, but her courage was not sufficient at the moment. Just as she had summoned enough and was about to open her lips one of the men looked up and saw that she had stopped to listen. With a scowl, which was shared by the other, who had also glanced up, he ordered her to be off about her business. Tatong did not wait for a second bidding. She was too frightened to remain after that.

Not until she had reached the Marble Pagoda did she remember that it might be so that she could not get within. Doubtless those who worshipped there had some way of securing it. The

door would be fastened. Could she open it? But to her joy she saw that it was ajar. With a timid hand and a heart that beat so she could hear every stroke of it, Tatong pressed open the door, and, stooping, entered.

Though the sun was shining without, there was only a gray light like twilight inside the Pagoda, especially within the apartment where the worshippers had assembled on that memorable night, not a single detail of which could ever escape the remembrance of Tatong.

She pushed open the door of this inner chamber like some one entering a sacred place. It was sacred to her, every particle of dust, every wisp of straw that had collected upon its stone flooring. She looked about it, her heart swelling, her eyes filling with the tears that were soon dropping one by one upon her cheeks. She sank to a kneeling posture beside the fragment of stone on which Mr. Ko had sat that night with the little circle of rapt listeners clustered about him. She threw her arms across it, and, bowing her head until it rested upon them, sobbed out the words:

“Oh! if I could only live always with one so kind, so gentle, so good!”

There was a stir beside her. Another head that had been similiarly bowed was raised sud-

denly to look at her. The room was occupied, though she had not as yet discovered it.

“Poor girl!” said a voice full of sympathy, “what is it that is the matter with you?”

Tatong raised her head, and would have sprung to her feet, but a hand detained her.

“I have frightened you. I did not mean to. Oh, I am *so* sorry! Don’t go; at least, not until I have said something to you I want to say.”

The speaker was Kitze. A moment more and she recognized him; then she sank back willingly, satisfied to remain, nay, doing so with gladness. For if she could not see Mr. Ko or the white brother, was not Kitze the next best? Did he not know, too, some of the beautiful things the others could tell? Oh! how many questions she wanted to ask him! And he was not like other boys; he would not treat her roughly. She felt sure of that. He would not scowl at her and tell her to hold her tongue. He would answer her questions. He would tell her as much as he could of the things she longed to know.

As she turned to him she saw his face more clearly, for he had drawn nearer, and she had grown more used to the dim light. With a start of surprise she noted that he, too, had been crying. The tears were still damp on his cheek.

Such a strange thing as it was! Tatong had never seen a boy cry, at least, not a boy so large as Kitze. Usually, their faces were taunting or sullen and angry, never tender or moist with tears.

“Why is it that the tears have come for you?” she asked him suddenly, her own dark eyes growing misty again as they rested upon his face.

“I cry for one who is dearer to me than all others of earth,” replied Kitze, “for him who is my father. He has been hurt, badly hurt, and it will take some time ere he is himself. He is even now lying upon the bed at the home of the white brother with the bandage about his head.”

Seeing the startled look in her eyes, he continued:

“For declaring the precious truths of the Jesus Doctrine to those who had gathered about him to learn, he was stoned. One struck him close to the temple and came near taking his life. He must lie for days with his head in the cloth. Oh, it is dreadful! I could not bear to see it; and so I have come here to weep. It seems to me my heart will go out with the grief of it.”

“Then it was too true what I heard the men saying as I came along,” exclaimed Tatong, her own tears falling.

“What did you hear?”

“That evil had happened to one who would teach what he had no business to. Oh! I was afraid from their words it was he whom I know as the kind stranger, he who has been so kind to a poor little wretched slave like me, for whom no one else cared.”

“Yes, it was down by the South Gate. The white brother had warned him not to be too open. But his heart was so full of it, of that which he had to tell, and those who wished to know were so eager, so hungry for the words. He felt that he must speak. But do not talk so about yourself,” he added, turning his eyes entreatingly upon Tatong, “you are God’s child, and *he* cares.”

A sudden glow leaped to her face.

“Oh!” she cried, her voice almost beyond her control, so deep was her emotion. “You, too, know that?”

“Know what?” he asked, not quite understanding her.

“That God, the Father, is *my* father.”

“Yes, I know it. Does it not make you happy to feel that it is true?”

“Oh, it does! it does! Yet it seems too great to be true. How can it be true? He, God, the Father, is so powerful. He has done so many

mighty things. How can a poor, little slave girl really be *his* child?"

Still the old doubt, the old questioning. The boy looked at her much disturbed. Although the sweet, true light glowed with steady flame within his heart, still it was not with a radiance that shone very far as yet. There were many things he did not understand; others that he understood but could not explain. Besides, he usually depended upon the white brother and his father to answer all perplexing questions like these. But now, even as he hesitated, the answer, as an inspiration, came to him.

"God loves all because he made all, even the weakest and lowliest. He is like a parent to whom all his children are dear, because they are his."

"Not the girls! Oh, not the girls!" said Tatong sadly. "He surely does not care for the girls."

"Yes, the girls just the same as the boys," declared Kitze. "Did you not hear my father and the white brother say that God made no difference between men and women? So does he not either between boys and girls. One is as dear to him as the others, because he made each. He is their Heavenly Parent; they are his earthly children—that is, if they obey him and do as he wishes them."

“Oh!” cried Tatong quickly, “will you not tell me what it is God, the Father, wishes *me* to do?”

For a moment Kitzé looked away from her. He could not meet the intensity of the glow within her eyes. And how could he answer that question? Oh! if his father or the white brother were only there! But, though only a young soldier of the Lord Jesus, Kitzé was nevertheless a brave one. He quickly resolved to tell her in as clear a way as he could.

“To do as God, the Father, would have us do,” said Kitzé, “is to follow the Jesus Doctrine, to be a Christian.”

“To be a Christian?” repeated Tatong, looking astonished, overcome with perplexity.

“Yes, to be like God’s Son, Jesus, the Christ, the Saviour, who was sent to earth to show us how to live. He loved every body, he thought of them before he did of himself. He spoke nothing against any one, but always found the best in them he could. He was tender and merciful and just. He pitied even the little bird that had no food. But greatest of all,” continued Kitzé, his voice falling to a tender cadence, “he gave his life that others might be happy.”

“He loved every body.” Those words had caught and held Tatong’s thoughts so that she

had not followed Kitze through the remainder of the sentences. To do then as God, the Father, would have you do, you must love everybody as Jesus, his Son, had done. Could this be possible? How could it be that one could love those who gave that one only abuse and cruelty? Could she love Mrs. Ni now? No; she felt sure that she could not. The thought recalled Mrs. Ni to her vividly, and then like a flash came the remembrance that she had been gone a long while, much longer than she intended. If she did not speed her return, what might not be the consequence?

She sprang up with such haste that Kitze looked at her in surprise.

“I must go now,” she said. “I have stayed longer than I ought. Oh! I do thank you so much for what you have told me! and I will remember the words.” She paused, then added, her voice showing that she was on the verge of tears, “Tell him who is your father, the kind stranger, so gentle and good, the great sorrow my heart has for what has come to him.”

CHAPTER X.

THE FAITHFULNESS OF A LITTLE HEART.

A FEW days later a message, through a trusted messenger, came from Mr. Ni to his sons, by them to be given to his wife. He did not like the way the war was then going. It seemed to him the Japanese were destined to have it all their own way. In a short while, it was his belief, the Chinese army would be obliged to give way to them. In the two or three battles that had already occurred the Chinese forces had been badly routed. Therefore, Mr. Ni did not propose to stay and face the consequences that would come sooner or later. No; he had a plan, and in secret it was conveyed to them by his trusted friend, Mr. Yana. The plan was this: He, Mr. Ni, would get the leave that had been promised him, but, instead of coming home, from whence he might afterwards be forced back into the army, he would proceed to Vladivostok, the Russian frontier, and there await their coming. They must leave Seoül without delay, so as to make the journey ere the state of the country became more disturbed than it was at present. Their final destination was to

be a small Russian town that had already a considerable sprinkling of Korean settlers. In Mr. Ni's opinion, the war would take such a turn that Korea would be anything but a desirable country in which to live. Hence he wished to be well out of it. Mr. Ni's further instructions were that they dispose of the household effects as quietly as possible, and also of the slave, Tatong. There was no use to be bothered with her, especially as, in the place to which they were going, she would not be needed. In the event that they could not dispose of her quickly, she was to be left behind. She could look out for herself.

Though this message had come in secret, the members of Mr. Ni's family were not secret in discussing it, at least, among themselves. Thus it was not long before poor Tatong had overheard much of that which was to be done. The cruel thing contemplated with reference to herself pierced her heart. Not that she felt any sorrow at parting with the family of Mr. Ni, with the exception of Chansa and Kom; but this they had planned was so hard-hearted, so dreadful. To be sold as a beast was sold, to any one who would buy, and in the event they would not, to be cast out to starve, to die! Oh, how could they be so cruel?

That evening, soon after the stars had come and her work for the time was over, Tatong sat crouched against the mulberry tree that grew in the little strip of ground between Mr. Ni's house and that next to it. Her head was bowed upon her knees; she was weeping bitterly. At her feet crouched Kijun. He had come eagerly seeking her notice, but, finding it not given, in despair had lain down, then gone fast asleep. What was she to do? Again and again Tatong asked this question, for on the morrow she knew that the worst would come. She had heard them say that all must be settled then, as on the next day thereafter, as early as they could, they would begin the journey. Yes, on the morrow she was to be sold again as a slave, for a purchaser had at length been found. It was an old man, a dreadful creature, she heard them say. He had other slaves, and they were cruelly treated.

"She will at last get what she deserves!" declared Mrs. Ni with a hard face. "I must say I am glad of it. She certainly has been a trial to me."

Tatong could bear no more. She crept out of the house and to the mulberry tree, there to relieve her overcharged heart in a flood of tears. Must this cruel thing be? Did no one care?

With a rush of remembrance came thoughts of Mr. Ko, the kind, the gentle one, of the white brother, and of Kitze. Why had not she turned to them before? groping as she had been for some ray of hope that promised help. Would not they of all others be the ones to assist her now? If any hand were outstretched to succor, would it not be one of these gentle ones? Vividly now she remembered the words, the manner of Mr. Ko when speaking of the return of Mr. Ni, and the probability of his disposing of the little slave. Had not the very thing come to pass about which Mr. Ko had enquired? She was for sale. Would he not buy? The possibility that he might so overcame her that she got up, trembling from head to foot. Oh! what joy it would be to belong to him! She would not mind being a slave then, for he would be so kind, so gentle a master. Even servitude is not hard to bear when love is ruler.

A sudden resolve came to her, so sudden, so great, that she sank again to the ground overcome by it. She would go in search of the place where the white brother lived, where he, the kind one, was even then suffering, it was true, but he surely would receive her. Yes, she would go at once. She would fly from the yard and along the street as fast as her feet would bear

her. But even as she was getting up to carry into effect this resolve a hand was placed upon her clothing; it tugged at her skirt, it pulled her back, while a thin, piping, but authoritative voice commanded her,

“To-tak! to-tak! to-tak!”

It was Kom. He had come to be put to sleep, for, in his estimation, always, loyal, no one could do it in so satisfactory a manner as Tatong.

Tatong's first impulse was to push him away, to say to him that she could not do as he wanted. There was an angry feeling in her heart that he should have come at this very moment, just as she was on the point of getting safely away. For, of course, now she would have to wait until she got rid of him. Should she attempt to go into the street while he stood there, he would be sure to call after her. Then her departure would be quickly discovered. The next moment she was ashamed of her thoughts. Her heart, too, reproached her. Though, in his way, he had been tyrannical at times, yet Kom, her baby defender, had ever been loving and loyal. Many times he had stood up for her against the highest powers of the household. No; she could not desert him now in this cold, harsh way. She would stay and put him to sleep as he desired.

After that she would pick her chance and steal forth into the streets. Mrs. Ni was not going out to-night. She had heard her say so. There were too many preparations to make. With a sigh in her heart, but a gentle word on her lips, she took again the sitting posture against the old mulberry tree and held out her hands to Kom.

He cuddled down against her, with an expression of deep satisfaction, and laid his sleepy head upon her breast. In all the wide world his was the only head that had ever so nestled against her; his hand the only one that had ever lingered with loving pressure upon her face. As she looked down upon him while he lay asleep the tears began to well forth and to drop one by one upon his head. Until now she had not realized how hard it would be to leave him, what it meant to give up even his baby love, the one small crumb from the whole loaf of affection that had been denied her. But, whether or not she went, it meant separation from Kom, and she could not stay and face that cruel thing that was to come on the morrow.

She got up directly and went with Kom into the house. He was sleeping so soundly that the movement did not disturb him. She placed him upon his mat, then stood looking at him. Had she known what it was to kiss, her lips

would have been pressed to his. But nothing like this is in the life of Koreans, whether loved or not. They know naught of kissing, of any demonstrative way in which to show affection. It is the eyes that must speak, the heart that must feel, without the corresponding movement of lips or hand. But, urged by some unaccountable impulse, Tatong stooped, and, clasping Kom's chubby little hand with its dirty, grimy fingers, pressed it against her forehead, then to her cheek.

Mrs. Ni and Chansa were in another part of the room, but they did not notice her. Indeed, they could not well have seen her had they looked, as the corner in which she had placed the sleeping Kom was in a dim light.

As she was going out Mrs. Ni called to her sharply,

"Have you done all you were told to do for the evening?"

"Yes," she replied.

"Well, go to the shop not far away and bring some matches. Hurry now, or the bell will ring, and it will be closed."

Tatong almost exclaimed aloud in her surprise and joy. Here was the very thing she wanted!

She waited only long enough to get the "cash" Mrs. Ni held out, then hurried from the room.

Once outside, her feet fairly flew, but not in the direction of the shop. In truth, it was in that almost directly away from it. She was not sure that she knew just how to go to reach the home of the white brother. She had told Mr. Ko when he had given her the directions, that she thought she might find it. She had intended to ask many questions of those she met.

Tatong had gone but a short distance when she became aware that there were footsteps behind her. She turned, her heart beginning to beat fast in apprehension. Could it be that her intention had been divined and some one was following her? It might be Mrs. Ni herself. At the bare thought Tatong turned cold from head to foot.

But she could see no one. She turned and started on again, and again she heard the footsteps. Surely it was some one behind her. There were deep shadows along the street at this point, so she could not see very plainly. If some one were following her, then she felt that one was purposely trying to keep out of sight. This was very strange, as, had it been Chansa or Mrs. Ni, she surely would have revealed herself, especially if she had come to summon the little slave back.

Tatong strained her eyes through the shadows. Ah, now she felt sure she saw something moving.

But how near the ground it was! Just at this moment the moon that had been partly behind a cloud came out again. A great, broad ray of it shone down between the huts. An exclamation came from Tatong, then a little cry not so much of astonishment as of dismay.

“Kijun! Kijun!”

Yes, the moon had plainly revealed the pursuer. It was Kijun!

“Oh! you naughty dog! Did you not know better than to come with me now? What am I to do about it?” she continued, and glancing around in despair. “You hear me, Kijun, I know not what to do with you, for I cannot go back. No. I cannot go back!”

Kijun seated himself upon his taggy little haunches and looked at her complacently.

“O Kijun, listen to me, Kijun! I cannot go back, but you must; you, my dog, you *must*.”

“I will not,” said Kijun’s expression as plain as plain could be.

In her despair Tatong caught him, though not roughly, and turned his shaggy little body about.

“Now, Kijun,” she said persuasively, “go home, my doggie, go home!”

For response Kijun whirled himself as resolutely back again, and stood, his nose pointing straight towards her, every defiant little tag in

his tousled coat declaring vigorously, "This is the way I am going and no other."

"Oh, Kijun, can't I convince you that you must not follow me? For I am not going back there any more," indicating the direction they had come, "no, never any more, you hear me, Kijun?"

Yes, Kijun heard, but it did not suit him to pay heed. Instead, his dog heart, as loyal as any that ever beat under canine ribs, or human ones, for that matter, elected to go with her and no where else. Yes, wherever her footsteps were turning this night, there Kijun's would follow. If they led to a place where there were good things and pleasant things, straw for a bed and ribs of beef to eat with rice cake, so much the better; if, on the other hand, it was to no pleasant place and there were hard things, even dangers to face, it was all right, he would still follow. It was enough to know that he was with her, and, since to be with her was the chief thing he desired in life, there was therefore nothing more to be considered.

He placed himself again upon his haunches, and was once more looking at her, conceit, love, loyalty, determination, each alternating in the expression of his eyes.

She stooped down and caressed him, the very

thing he had felt she would do ere the contest ended. He moved his tail vigorously, both in victory and in appreciation.

“Kijun, dear dog! Ah, then you may come, since it is that you will not go back. Surely, those who take me will take you, too. At least, we will go on together so long as we can, Kijun.”

He got up, and now his small bedraggled plume waved proudly, his little eyes gleamed from between the tufts of wool. Then, turning, he followed her with the soft pit-a-pat of cushioned feet. And from that time until his summons to the land where I am sure all good dogs go, especially the loyal ones, he never left her again.

Tatong hurried onward. The bell had already sounded, and the street was beginning to fill with women and girls. She had an idea as to the direction in which the mission house lay, but not as to the exact locality. As has been said, she hoped to find this through asking questions. But there was one thing on which Tatong had not counted when taking the resolve to make her search at night. She would be likely to meet only women and girls, and they would be the very poorest ones from whom to get information of the kind desired. For they stayed shut up within the houses so much they were not

likely to know anything of that which she desired, or, at least, very little of it. But maybe she might come upon one of those who went to the meetings at the Marble Pagoda. She knew there were only a few of those, a mere drop in the great sea of womankind then surging through the streets of Seoil. But perhaps somewhere, at some turning, she would meet one of these women. She felt sure she would know them whenever she had a clear look into their faces.

But not a person did she see that she knew, man, woman, or child. The few of whom she ventured to ask questions either gave her a sharp answer, declaring they knew nothing about it, or else only stared at her and passed on.

In despair she wandered from street to street. She felt sure that she had understood Mr. Ko's directions well enough to at least get within the neighborhood of the mission house, and, if poor Tatong had only known it, she was once or twice very close to it. But there was no good fairy to whisper to her just where it stood, no help at hand to guide her steps.

It was now very late. The nine o'clock bell, the coming out bell, had rung more than two hours ago, and most of the women and girls were now turning their steps in the direction of home.

Some had already gone. Poor Tatong wandered on from street to street, not knowing what to do. She could not return to Mr. Ni's. No, she would rather drop down in the streets and die than to do that. Better that she did die than to go back to that cruel place; yea, that she endured death many times, if that could be, than that she went back to become the slave of that terrible old creature to whom they would sell her on the morrow.

Foot for foot, Kijun, the faithful, followed her. He never lost sight of her at any time. If, in the press of the crowd, some one came between them, only for a moment did Kijun permit such a state of affairs to exist. With a swift rush and a determined set of the plume waving out behind, he passed all intervening objects and rejoined her. It was comfort to Tatong to know that close beside her walked this loyal, four-footed, little companion; that in all that great city she was not entirely alone; that there was a pair of eyes that kept watch with her; four little feet that would follow to the last step of the journey, and a steadfast heart that would never fail her.

Suddenly Tatong thought of the Marble Pagoda. Almost as an inspiration it came to her. Yes, she would go there, and even if she could not

get in, she would crouch down close beside it and there spend the night. She did not feel so very much afraid, for were not the stars shining, and did she not have Kijun? What a warmth there was in her heart as she thought of that!

The streets were by this time almost deserted. Only here and there could she see a small group of women homeward bound. She came at last to the street just off which the Marble Pagoda stood. She felt sure that wherever she should go she could never fail to find this place that, as dark and gloomy as it looked, had become so dear. There was no noise and no light. She had known before she came that the meetings were not being held now, for, had she not known this, she would have come here at once instead of going in search of the house of the white brother. But Kitze had told her as she was parting from him that day in the old building that, on account of the accident to his father, the meetings would have to stop for a while. The white brother did not yet know the language of the people well enough to hold them by himself. So she had come to the place, finding it, as she expected, desolate and deserted. But still, as lonely and gloomy as it was, she felt that there was no place throughout that great city, except the one for which she had been hunt-

ing, where she would rather spend the night. The air was chill, but, luckily, not cold, and Tatong had been careful enough to secure an extra garment ere she came from the house. She would wrap this about her and cuddle down with Kijun. They could surely keep each other warm enough.

The thought came to her that she would try the door anyhow. To her joy she found that she could open it. Now there was no need to spend the night outside. But all looked so gloomy within that Tatong's heart failed her, and she could not go on to the inner chamber. She decided that she would leave the door ajar and cuddle down there near to it, where she could still see the stars as they twinkled through the opening.

Truly has it been said that "he is not alone who is accompanied by his thoughts." So many thoughts came to travel with Tatong at this moment that they gave her no time to think of her loneliness, of the dreariness of her surroundings. She went back to the first time she had met the kind stranger; to the day on which his gentleness and kindness, the unusual feeling he had shown, had struck her with astonishment, then filled her heart with a gratitude, a devotion no words could express. She felt it there now, beating and surg-

ing as though of its very force it must beat its way out. She recalled his looks, his words, his tones; all that he had told her that had made life so different, that had sent a hope to dwell in her heart that every now and then made things so beautiful that for a time she forgot the darkness, the sorrow of her surroundings.

She recalled the night in the little chamber beyond. What beautiful things had been told her then, and yet how sad, too, she had been! Oh! what sorrow had come to her heart when it seemed that Jesus, the kind, the gentle, the tender One was dead! He who alone could speak to God, the Father, for her, who could entreat him to pity, to love the poor little slave. But Jesus was not dead. Mr. Ko had assured her he was not. He had done that wonderful thing of bringing himself back from the dead. He was now in heaven with God, the Father, and Mr. Ko had promised that he would tell her how she might send a message to this loving Jesus, who would beg God, the Father, for her. But suppose she never saw Mr. Ko again? The thought was too dreadful to entertain for a moment. It was true that she had not succeeded in finding him, and he was sick and might not come to the Pagoda again in a long, long time. What should she do? Who was there to tell her where she might find him?

As she gazed at the stars within, shining in the great dark vault, a sudden resolution came to her. In the morning early, as soon as the gate was open, she would go out along the South road, she would hunt for Nakta. Surely she remembered enough of what had been told her about the way to find it by asking some questions. It would not be all women then she would meet. There would be men, some of whom would surely answer her. Besides, the women would not be like the women of the city. They would be country women, and they would know.

Yes, Nakta was so strong and good, so kind of heart though rough of manner. And Mokpo, the big, the broad-backed, what could not he do? Surely Nakta and Mokpo together could lead her to the house of the white brother. She would tell Nakta all that had been told her of how to get to it. Yes, if any one could find it, it was Nakta; Nakta, with Mokpo's help. She would go then to Nakta; she would start just as soon as the first stroke of the morning bell said the gate might be opened.

CHAPTER XI.

ON THE SOUTH ROAD.

TATONG had intended rising early the following morning. But, alas, for this resolution! There is no telling how long she would have slept had she not been awakened by Kijun's pulling at her robe. The little dog had had his eyes wide open for some time. For a half hour or more he had sat patiently watching Tatong as she slept. Why did she not open her eyes and look at him? Why was she sleeping so long? Was there not something wrong? Surely there was. He had never, never known Tatong to sleep so late before. She was always up and at some task as soon as the gray light came creeping over the hills. This had now happened some time ago, and yet, here she was still asleep. And in a strange place too! Kijun could endure it no longer. He leaned nearer, caught her robe between his teeth, and began to pull; at first gently, then harder, harder.

Tatong awakened with a start. At first she could not realize where she was. Only Kijun was familiar. Then it all came back to her in a

rush of remembrance, the dreadful thing that had threatened her, the stealing away from Mr. Ni's, the wandering in the streets, the night in the Pagoda—yes, it all stood out clearly now in her mind. But why had Kijun pulled her robe in that way?

“Kijun, good dog, what is it?” she said.

For answer he sat upon his haunches, looked at her wistfully and whined.

“Ah, now I see! You want to go. Yes, Kijun, you are wiser than I; for the morning has come, and I did not know it. Oh! we ought to have been on our way to the gate ere this! Good Kijun, for waking me.”

Kijun let his front paws drop, and stood upon his four feet wagging his tail. If she praised him that was enough.

“O Kijun!” she continued, “why didn't you do it sooner? How much time I have wasted!”

Even as she spoke there came the deep, heavy boom of the bell.

She started up with a sharp exclamation.

“Oh! right now the gates are opening, and the people will rush for them, and for hours now the crowds may be so great we can not well get by them. Come, Kijun, let us go, my dog; and we must hurry as fast as foot will carry us.”

She gained her feet, brushed the straw from

her robe, and followed by Kijun, went hastily away.

The narrow streets were beginning to fill. From almost every hut there were forms starting up, either to stand in the small space under the eaves and gape at the passers-by, or else to join the throng in the streets.

As Tatong hastened on she suddenly became aware of some very strange conduct on the part of Kijun. The little dog, who had been a pace or two ahead, now gave a whine and darted back, trying to conceal himself between her feet, almost upsetting her as he did so.

“What ails you, my dog?” she asked, bending over him. “It is something he has seen,” she added. Then some impulse caused her to raise her head and glance about her. As she did so she came near uttering a cry as Kijun had done. For there, just across the street, not more than five or six paces away, was Mr. Yin, the oldest son of Mr. Ni, and with him Dong. They had stopped to talk to one of the men in front of a hut. As yet they had not seen her, but even as her eyes fell upon them, Mr. Yin was turning his head to glance across the street.

“Oh! he will see me!” cried poor Tatong, “and I shall be lost! What shall I do?”

It seemed that her knees could support her no longer. In her fright she lost all control of

them, and in a moment had dropped to the ground. Fortunate it was, since the crowd that quickly closed about her completely shut her from view. One or two there were who gave her a brutal kick in passing, ordering her to get out of the way. Close beside her Kijun kept, his body as fully buried in her robe as he could get it. Kijun, too, had the memory of only harsh words and harsher blows from the two across the street.

After a moment or so Tatong managed to drag herself between two of the huts. When, later, she raised herself cautiously and looked across the street Mr. Yin and Dong had disappeared. Oh! how thankful she was that they had not discovered her! They were hunting her, she felt sure, and so they were. Great would have been their rage had they known how near they had come to her and yet missed her. They went home in rage enough anyhow, after hunting her in vain for nearly all the morning.

Tatong hurried along, her heart beating loudly. She did not know at what moment she might again come upon her enemies. She kept as close against the houses as she could, and always her eyes were keenly watching.

It was as she had feared. Great crowds were at the gate. How they jostled one another and

what a noise they made! There were all sorts and conditions of people, the rich, the poor, the sick, the well; men, women and children. There were boys in their short girdled coats, with their hair parted in the middle and hanging down their backs; married men with theirs drawn into a topknot, surmounted by a skull-cap of horse hair, and attired in long, full coats, with great straw hats and padded socks. Soldiers, magistrates, drummers, servants, police officers and peddlers, all jostled each other in the hurry to get by.

Tatong made two or three brave attempts to pass the gate, but failed. Tears filled her eyes and her heart began to throb with despair. Oh! what if she did not get by until Mr. Yin and Dong came to find her? They would surely look for her at the gates; that is, if they thought she had run away.

“Oh! I *must* try again!” said Tatong, “even if I get hurt.”

She watched her opportunity, made a spring forward, and would doubtless have passed through of herself, after some struggling, had it not been for a vicious pony that at that moment swerved from his course and plunged directly toward her. Warning cries came from the rider and from those around, yet so intent was she on

making her escape, Tatong did not heed. But Kijun did, and quick as a flash of light he sprang toward the pony, leaped up, and seized him by the nose. The pony gave a squeal of pain and reared back, almost unseating his rider and trampling upon those who were near. But it gave Tatong the opening she desired, and she sprang away, Kijun at her heels. The little dog was none too soon, for there were those who, urged by the pony's rider, had reached out to strike him down.

Once out the gate and safely away from the direct track of the passing throng, Tatong fell down all in a heap and drew Kijun to her robe.

"Oh! you good, brave dog!" she said, "but how could you have done it, Kijun? There were those ready to kill you could they have caught you."

Kijun gazed at her with a look which said plainly:

"But they didn't do it, mistress, and so that ends it."

The scene without the gate was almost as bustling as that within, for various of the peddlers had erected temporary booths, and were loudly calling attention to their wares, which consisted of bits of silk fabric, gauzes, girdle cords, straw shoes, bamboo hats, cotton goods,



TRANSPORTATION IN KOREA.

combs, glass beads, pipes, etc. Various customers were pausing to buy, some with servants bearing great strings of "cash," others having only a scant supply strung on a twisted wisp of straw elaped within their own hands.

Tatong looked at the many tempting things, but it was not to covet any of them or to sigh because she could not buy them. The little slave was thinking more of the kind ones she sought, of the gentle words she was longing to hear, of the welcome that would surely be given when once she had found Nakta, and by her had been led to the house where the kind stranger and the white brother had said there were peace and joy and happiness for all who came. Oh! of how much more value were these than anything she now saw! To the hungry heart and starving soul of the little slave the wealth of all these booths combined was nothing beside the warm glance, the tender clasp, the precious words that would be hers if only she could find this sweet place where those who knew and loved God, the Father, dwelt. It seemed to her that there would be no more that earth could give when once she had reached it.

The rose pink of the ascending sun had long since died away, and there was now the full golden light against the sky of bright, steely blue.

Tatong had never realized before how beautiful the sky could be. She had seldom seen it except within the city walls, and there it was obscured by the smoke which it seemed to her was nearly always ascending. Strange thoughts stirred within her heart as she went along. Up there she knew God, the Father, dwelt; yes, far beyond this blue sky, in a place many more times as beautiful. Oh! if she might only see it! if she might really go to him as the kind ones had said she could and would if she tried to do what he would have her do. Were they not to tell her, these kind, true ones, how to love and serve him here so that she might go to him when he was ready for her to come? Those were the very words of the promise. What music of expectancy they now awakened!

To the right the river glistened in the sun. On it were several rafts and junks, the most of them laden with salt. Along the river lay the valleys, and above them towered the stately hills, flecked here and there with the rich coloring of the azaleas. Butterflies and dragon-flies flitted through the air, numerous ducks and geese hovered along the edge of the river, now alighting and skimming the waves for a few moments, then dipping wings to fly away. Small flocks of cranes waded in and out the shallow places

hunting for such fish as they could reach and seize. Just where the sun's rays fell upon him, lighting up his brilliant plumage, a magnificent flamingo stood with head poised ready to seize an unwary frog.

Suddenly a bird sprang upward from a rice field, and began soaring with light, graceful wing higher and higher toward the sky of blue, pouring out its song as it went. So loud, so joyous was this song it seemed as though it must burst the tiny throat of the singer.

"Oh!" exclaimed Tatong, "he is going straight up there! He is going beyond the blue. Oh, he is! he is! Oh," stopping suddenly and clasping her hands together, "I feel it! I know it! He is going straight to where God, the Father, is. That is why he sings so. His heart is full of the joy of it, and he wants everybody to know it."

She stood watching him eagerly, wistfully, all her longing heart glowing within her eyes, till the bird became a mere speck and she could follow him no more.

She had now passed through much of the crowd, but she still met travellers. Korea is a great country for travelling. The people are constantly moving about for one reason or another, visiting the tombs of ancestors, buying,

selling, making social calls, and the like. Some stared at her, others passed her by without a word; one or two frightened her by stopping her to ask her business. She almost broke down as she replied. What if they should take her back to Mr. Ni's. Of each of these she had asked the same question, could they tell her where Nakta lived; Nakta who owned the great ox, Mokpo? Either silence or jeers had been the reply she had so far received.

As she walked on, her head down, her thoughts busy, her heart sore from the rebuffs she had received, she was suddenly aroused by a great noise in the path before her. She looked to see coming toward her, and not far away, a small herd of oxen laden with fire-wood, and urged along by the noisy shouts of their drivers. Tatong's heart almost stood still. Oh! suppose that Mokpo was among them? But the next moment she felt that this could not be. Mokpo would never be driven like this, neither would Nakta let him be. No, indeed, blows and shouts were not for Mokpo. They might be for a poor slave like herself, but not for great, splendid Mokpo. Oh! no.

The oxen came on slowly, despite the cries and proddings of the boys who drove them. Tatong stood aside to let them pass. All the time her

eyes were watching them closely, though she had fully decided Mokpo could not be among them. Yet, as these boys drove oxen, too, they might know Nakta. She would at least venture to ask them. They only hooted at her in reply, and more than one switched at her with his bamboo cane. This treatment Kijun at once resented. He sprang bravely to snap at the legs of the foremost offender. He would surely have been badly hurt had not Tatong succeeded in getting him away.

The sun had now grown very hot. Tatong was glad when the path lay where there was shade. Now and then she crossed a small stream, its limpid waters gurgling along over the stones to join the river. On the banks beautiful lilies grew and many smaller yet vivid wild flowers. But Tatong did not stop to gather any. They would only wilt before the day was over, she knew, and she could not bear to break them from the stem only to die in this way. But she bent down more than once and pressed her face against them, murmuring words that she felt sure they understood.

She came at length to a place where men were beating down hemp, so as to prepare the sack-cloth with which Korean mourners clothe themselves. At the bottom of a pit they had placed

some large stones, which were being heated by means of a rough oven on the outside. The hemp was pressed down in bundles on these stones, and all among it large stakes were driven. Then piles of coarse grass were laid over the hemp, and earth over the grass. After this the beating took place, between the stakes, and just as hard as the men could lay it on. When they were through they would pull up the stakes and pour water into the holes. This water, falling on the hot stones, would produce a dense steam, which would cause the fibres of the hemp to fall apart. In this way the threads for making the sack-cloth were obtained.

As Tatong came opposite the men were engaged in pounding away at the mass of straw, hemp, and earth. She paused to speak to them, lost her courage, started on, then paused again. One of the men noted it. He called out to her, but not unkindly,

“Is there anything you want, girl?”

“Yes,” she replied, gaining her courage again, “will you not tell me where Nakta lives, Nakta who drives the great ox, Mokpo, with the piles of brushwood on him? She comes along this road to market, Oh! so often!”

“Idiot!” said the other man, now looking up to give her a surly glance. “What do you sup-

pose we know of a woman and an ox who take this road to market when there are hundreds who go by every day?"

"What sort of woman is she, and what's the color of the ox?" asked the first man again, leaving his work to come nearer Tatong.

The little slave told him as clearly as she could.

"Why," he cried suddenly, "I do believe that is old Kimri's daughter!"

"Oh! yes, yes!" exclaimed Tatong, excitedly, "that is it! That is the old one's name!"

"Well, if you are going there," the man advised kindly, "you had better not. The old one is a terror. She'll soon drive the life out of a young thing like you."

"But it is to Nakta I am going," replied Tatong. "O Nakta is good and kind! I know it. I am sure of it."

"That may be; but the old one rules everything. Still, if you want to go on, I'll give you the way as best I can."

He then proceeded to tell her, but there were so many things to remember that her heart commenced to beat with the fear that she would never keep them all. When the man had finished she took leave of him, after letting him see her gratitude for his kindness.

Hunger now begun to pinch Tatong, for she had eaten nothing since the evening before. She felt sure that Kijun, too, was hungry, for the poor dog was moving with lagging steps while he gazed wistfully about.

“There is nothing here for us to eat, Kijun, poor dog!” she said, “but maybe after a while we’ll come to some pines where we can find nuts.”

Sure enough, in a half hour or so they came to a cluster of the pines that produced the eatable nuts. But others had been before them. After close search only a few could be found. Of these Tatong offered a generous share to Kijun. But the little dog, hungry as he was, did not care much for them. He would far rather have found some of the shell-fish that stuck to the rocks along the streams, for which he had several times that morning sought industriously, but in vain.

Not far ahead of them there was a village. It stood on the slopes, and the straw roofs of the huts were almost hidden by the little orchards that surrounded them. Tatong made up her mind that she would apply here for food, but on approaching two or three of the premises, she saw only rough, surly-looking men. These so frightened her that she went on without

speaking. The path led up an incline, then down again into a valley, where, under a small clump of trees, she saw some travellers making merry over their meal. They had kindled a fire, and, from the appearance of everything, seemed to be having quite a feast. Tatong caught the odor of a stew of beef, and it made her hunger keener than ever.

The little slave approached and stood regarding them wistfully. There were three men, one old, two young ones, and two women. One woman was quite old. She was even older than the man. But she didn't seem to have old ways. Instead she was making most of the merriment for the party. Her eyes at once lighted upon Tatong. She called out to her loudly,

“Is it some of our meal you want? Well, come along then and get it. No one must go by this camp hungry.”

All the others now raised their heads to gaze at Tatong. She was afraid of the men, though they did not look unkind. They only regarded her curiously. However, the two women glanced at her so encouragingly she went to them without further hesitation.

The old woman made a place for Tatong next to herself. Then she handed her a small bowl, saying:

“Come, here is the hot rice water. Drink it. Then you shall have a rib of beef and some of the stew.”

Tatong accepted the bowl eagerly. How good it was! But there was surely nothing to compare with the rib of beef and generous portion of the stew they gave her later. As she was smacking her lips over it she heard a whine close beside her. Glancing down there was Kijun. The poor dog was so hungry he was unable longer to restrain himself. He was now sitting upon his haunches and begging for food with all the force of eyes and of pleading voice.

Tatong took the rib from her lips to tear off a portion of the meat, but the old woman, seeing the movement, restrained her.

“He shall have some, too,” she said. “What a smart dog he seems to be!”

As she spoke she selected a bone with yet plenty of shreds on it, and gave it to Kijun.

He at once thanked her by barking and frisking, then set to work as industriously as the others.

When she had eaten Tatong rose to go. They had asked her many questions, for curiosity is one of the ruling traits of the Korean character, but, somehow, she had managed not to tell them of the principal things that concerned her. They

knew she was going to find Nakta, but as to the whereabouts of that personage none of the party could tell Tatong, as not one of them had ever heard of her.

As Tatong was about to turn away the old woman fixed her twinkling little eyes upon Kijun.

“He’s such a smart one,” she said, “I think I’d like to have him. Of course you wouldn’t mind giving him to me now after the way we’ve treated you?” and she raised her eyes to Tatong’s.

The question was such a surprise that Tatong could hardly believe she had heard it. What! give up Kijun, her faithful Kijun, who had followed her through everything, who had even saved her life? How could she do it? Surely the old woman wouldn’t ask that of her, even though she had given her the meal. But she was asking it nevertheless, for she had again repeated the question to Tatong.

“It will be hard to give him to you,” the little slave replied. “He is so good and faithful, and Oh! he is all I have!”

Her voice quivered, and she dropped her head that they might not see the tears that were coming.

“Well, then, I suppose I must take him my-

self," said the old woman, and, without further words, she picked up a basket that was near and quickly dropped it over Kijun. Then, with a loud laugh, she pressed her elbow over it and held it firmly.

Kijun began to bark vigorously in protest. They should understand that he was no willing prisoner.

Tatong turned away slowly. The tears were falling now, and her feelings with reference to Kijun had so overcome her that she could find no words in which to speak. How was she ever to go on without Kijun? What a dreadfully lonely way it would be! But suppose the little dog had never come; she would have had to do it then. So she tried to be as brave as possible and fight back the tears.

The old woman had not only taken the dog, but was now laughing boisterously about it. Even as poor Tatong, her heart throbbing with sorrow, was turning away she began to plague her with words about Kijun.

"Oh! see how he is dancing about, trying his best to get loose, but, of course, he can't. I have got him too tight for that. So, you see, you'll have to go on without him."

Tatong did not turn to glance back. She could not. It would be all the harder to see

Kijun struggling to get to her. She walked on for several paces. More and more she missed him. How was she to go on without hearing his soft feet pattering behind, or without seeing his faithful little form pressing nearer to hers or running ahead in the road?

All at once she heard a loud hail from the old woman. She was calling to her to stop. Tatong turned around. Could she believe her own eyes? Yes, the old woman had really released her hold upon the basket. She was standing up clapping her hands and wagging her head, while there, speeding toward Tatong as fast as his short legs would carry him, was Kijun, the faithful! He had struggled until he had gotten out, and was now fleeing to rejoin her, was Tatong's first thought. But the next moment she saw that the old woman was encouraging the dog to his highest speed.

"Take him! take him!" she cried to Tatong, "and let your face clear up again. I only did it to see how much I could plague you. There! go with your dog, and welcome!"

Tatong sank to her knees to greet Kijun, her heart beating with gladness. Then she arose to go on again. How cheerful would be the way now! But Oh! how could the old woman have teased her so? Yet she had given her food, and

so that remembrance made a warm glow in Tatong's heart. It was better to remember the good of any one than the bad. If only all of us could keep that rule!

The path grew steep again. She was now climbing a roughly wooded hill. There were many stones, too, all along the way. As Tatong gained the summit an exclamation escaped her. She had come at length to the *mirioks*, to those about which Nakta had told her; yes, the very ones. She felt sure of it. She had passed others on the way, but they were not the ones, she knew. They were neither so large as Nakta had said, nor were there enough of them. But these were large, and how many there were! Tatong could not see them all at first, they stretched away so on every side. In the center were two immense *mirioks*—stones that had been taken from the river, where they had been washed into the semblance of human figures by the action of the water. All around under the trees there were heaps of stones, which had been placed there as sacred to various demons. Enclosing the *mirioks* and the piles of stones were tall posts painted red, black and yellow, their tops cut into grotesque faces. Stretched from post to post were thick ropes of straw, with pendant tassels of the same material or streamers of rags.

These were to prevent the coming in of the evil spirits. From the branches of the trees were hanging worn-out straw shoes, fragments of grass clothing, gnarled roots, etc., all placed there for the same purpose, the frightening away of wicked spirits.

As Tatong paused to look at the *mirioks* a great yellow dog rushed up to her barking furiously. In an instant Kijun had valiantly sprung forward to give battle. Seeing this smaller but determined opponent, the larger dog turned tail and fled, Kijun after him. Tatong, alarmed for the safety of her faithful friend, should the big dog decide to turn nose again toward him, set off in chase, not so much as to help Kijun in the encounter as to coax him to return.

Over the rocks they flew, around one hill and then another, till finally the big dog disappeared behind a ledge and Kijun threw himself down beside it, panting from exhaustion.

“Kijun, brave dog,” said Tatong, coming up to him, “don’t try any more to chase him. It will do no good. His legs are too long for yours. I know you would have made him remember could you have caught him, so that’s enough, isn’t it, my good dog?”

Yes, evidently the praise was enough for Kijun. He showed his delight at it in as demon-

strative a way as his exhausted condition would allow.

The light was beginning to fade from under the trees, for the sun had gone down. Soon the twilight would come, then the darkness of the night.

Tatong started up in alarm.

“O Kijun, we must go on as fast as we can, my dog, for if we have not found Nakta when the dark comes, what shall we do?”

Kijun, too, seemed to realize the situation, for, at the words, he sprang up and started as briskly ahead as his tired feet would permit.

Tatong tried to find her way back to the *mirioks*, so as to go on in the direction she thought was right. But in vain, for, though she wandered about for some time, first one way, then another, she did not come again to the *mirioks*. She sank down on a small pile of stones trying to decide what to do. Tears were in her eyes and her heart was beating loudly. She was surely lost. What should she do? The night was coming on, and there were wild beasts in the woods, she feared. Just then some sounds came to her. They were those of stirring life in the valley below.

“It must be a village,” she cried quickly.

She sprang to her feet and began to descend

GATHERING STRAW IN KOREA.



toward the direction whence the noises came. As she expected, there was a village nestled in the valley. A part of it was perched along the side of the hill. Ah! now she would have shelter for the night and doubtless food. In the morning she could go on again searching for Nakta.

At the first three or four huts she approached she saw only men. At length she came to a dwelling that stood rather apart from the rest. It was neater, too, and better in every way than any she had yet seen. It had latticed doors and a new roof of straw. There were also palings of bamboo enclosing it, and within several fruit trees and a garden patch. Tatong could also hear some pigs squealing in a pen.

An old woman was standing by the palings looking out upon the road. Tatong approached her. Although the night was falling, darkness had not yet come. There was a soft, gray light whereby nearer objects could be seen with some distinctiveness.

“I am lost,” said Tatong, coming up beside her. “Will you not let me have shelter for the night? In the morning I will go on again.”

The old woman started and gave her a close look.

“Do I not know you? Your voice is familiar and your face. Where have I seen it?”

“You have never seen me before, I suppose, madam. I have come from Seoül.”

“But I have lived in Seoül,” replied the old woman quickly. “Your face! I am sure I have seen it,” looking intently at Tatong. “I may be able to tell directly. But come in. Of course you can stay all night. You can’t go on in the dark, especially if you are lost. Besides, we never turn any one away who comes needing shelter.”

“And may my dog come, too, madam? He is as tired and troubled as I am.”

The old woman glanced down at Kijun. He looked very gentle and inoffensive. He was, too, so tired.

“O yes, the little beast may come in. He’ll surely do no damage. But leave him in the yard. He’ll find a bed of straw at the corner of the house.”

CHAPTER XII.

“THE JESUS DOCTRINE.”

THE old woman led the way into the hut. She went straight through the front apartment. It was small, but very clean, so clean that Tatong, even in her trouble, noticed it. It had mats spread on the floor, and something that was quite new to Tatong, pillows of straw instead of the ones of wood, to which she had been used. There was a table or two, and on them were some flowers. The walls were covered with glazed paper, and there were also small windows of this material.

Two men were sitting in this apartment, an old and a young man. They had already set aflame a couple of rush lights, and by means of them were twisting into shape plaits of straw with which to make hats. Their fingers were busy, so, too, were their tongues. It seemed to Tatong that she heard them say something that sounded like “Jesus Doctrine.” Her heart gave a bound. Could it really be? But she could hear no more, since just then they stopped to glance at her and the old woman.

To Tatong's surprise, when the old woman spoke to the men, they answered her pleasantly. Then they looked curiously at Tatong.

"It is one who has been lost, and who has entreated to stay for the night," said the old woman in explanation.

They did not question further, but turned again to their work.

The old woman passed straight on into the kitchen. The fires were lit, and the evening meal was already in course of preparation. The light was dim, but it was sufficient for Tatong to see a woman's form bending over the little charcoal furnace on which the cooking was done. She turned around on their entrance, and if she felt any surprise at seeing two enter instead of one, she did not show it. She doubtless thought it some one from a neighboring hut who had come on an errand, or maybe to visit.

"Here is one who has been lost, and who comes entreating of us shelter for the night," said the old woman, advancing.

Just at that moment a ray of light shot upward from an opening in the furnace, revealing Tatong sufficiently for the woman near by to have a very good view of her.

"Why, she is little more than a child!" said this second woman quickly.

The voice, more than the words, gave a strange feeling to Tatong. It was as though her heart had stopped, then gone on again. What could it mean? There was little in the words, nothing beyond what they expressed. But the voice, how soft, how gentle it was! No other woman's voice had ever sounded so to Tatong. Usually they were harsh and unpleasant. Chansa and Nakta, it is true, had spoken kindly, and so, too, had the old woman who now stood beside her. But none of the voices had sounded like this one whose words had just fallen upon her ears, so clear, so sweet, and with such tender feeling.

Tatong almost held her breath, hoping she would speak again. In a moment more she did.

"Poor child! are you really lost? You look young to be wandering about so."

The kindness, the pity in the voice! They almost overcame Tatong. She felt like throwing herself at the feet of this gentle one, and there sobbing out all her trouble. Surely, one who could speak thus could be trusted with all. But the presence of the old woman restrained her, and so, instead of following what her heart prompted, she said:

"I do not know if I am really lost. I have come seeking one who is called Nakta by those who can thus speak to her, and she may live in

this very village, though, so far, I have not found her. She has a great ox named Mokpo. Oh! he is so beautiful and so good! He goes to the city with her, carrying the burdens for her on his back. Sometimes Nakta and the others ride thereon in a pavilion hung with yellow curtains. Oh! it is grand! She took me up there once and I saw the *Kurdong*. My heart stands still now to think if it. It was not long ago," she added.

"Why, I believe I have seen that very one," said the old woman quickly. "Now and then she passes here, though I think she lives in a village further away over the hills. Is she very tall, taller than women usually are?" she asked, turning to Tatong.

"Oh! yes," said the little slave quickly.

"And does she wear a handkerchief of red and yellow about her head?"

"Yes, yes," responded Tatong eagerly.

"What color did you say the ox was?"

Tatong had not said as yet, but now she began and gave a description of Mokpo which must have made it quite clear to any one.

"It is the same, I feel sure," continued the old woman.

"Oh! do you know where to find her?" asked Tatong.

“I do not; but she may pass here any time. Maybe to-morrow.”

“But it may be days. Oh! what shall I do before I find her?”

Then the voice that had the way of going straight to Tatong’s heart as though it were something alive that could nestle right up against it, and make the sweetest feeling she had ever known, spoke again:

“Child, if it is in trouble you are about a place to stay until then, you may remain here and welcome.”

“Yes,” added the old woman kindly, “you may. I meant to tell you that from the first. She but speaks as my own tongue would, had it first said the words.”

“You are good! Oh! how good!” cried Tatong, and now unable longer to control herself, sank upon her feet before them.

“Never mind to thank us so,” said the younger woman gently, and, stooping, raised her to a sitting posture. Then she took a place beside her, the old woman, too, advanced to the other side, and dropped upon her heels.

“But, suppose before I find Nakta, they find me?” continued Tatong, overcome by fresh thoughts of her trouble, as well as by this gentleness and kindness that had so conquered her

heart it could no longer remain closed against them.

“Oh, child,” said the younger woman quickly, and with a tone of reproach that cut Tatong to the heart, “have you run away?”

Tatong could keep back nothing now. She must tell all. After the tone of that voice she could no longer be silent. Surely when that gentle one knew just what she had suffered, how hard had been her lot, when she had been told of the cruel thing that had been planned against her, and to escape from which she had fled, she could not, she would not, say that she, Tatong, had done wrong to come away.

She raised her eyes and glanced at the kind face bending near her. For the first time she saw it clearly. The face, too, as the voice had done, gave her a strange, an indescribable feeling. She had never seen a face that looked like this one, so gentle, so calm, so sad. It was, too, a face not so dark as those to which she had been used, and the hair, instead of being of that stiffness and blackness so common in the hair of the women with whom Tatong had daily mingled, was nearer the color of her own, but with a gloss and softness Tatong's did not possess. She could not see clearly the color of the eyes, the light was not quite strong enough for that, but they were

now looking at her with a sad, reproachful look beneath the calm, smooth brow, against which the bands of hair were tidily arranged.

“O madam,” said Tatong, her voice almost ready to break with sobs, “I had to run away. They were so hard, so cruel. They beat me with the bamboos. Sometimes it was on the sores that were still there from the other beatings. And they did not wish me to have what I needed to eat, and often I had to carry burdens that nearly bent my back. They were going away, and so they meant to sell me. It was to one who was even harder and more cruel. I could not stand the thought of it, and so I ran away. Oh! tell me you do not blame me, that you will not give me up to them. O! I beseech you not to let them have me if they come.”

She held out her clasped hands as she entreated them, first to the young woman, and then to the old one. Her attitude was such it must have touched even a hard heart, and certainly neither of these women possessed that.

“So you are a slave,” said the older woman, but not harshly. Then she added with much feeling in her voice, “Poor thing!”

“Yes, poor child,” the other voice added, the voice Tatong’s heart had almost stopped its beating to hear; “it was terrible for you! I do not

see how you stood it as you did. You were right to leave them. You ought to have done it before."

"But, madam, suppose they find me! What shall I do?" cried Tatong again.

Sure enough, what should she do? Under the law, she was still the slave of Mr. Ni. During his absence everything relating to her was controlled by Mr. Yin. He wanted so much money for her, and he would certainly have it could he lay his hands upon her. Was he not even then searching for her? Had she not seen him herself? What a narrow escape she had had from him! A little more, and he would have seen and caught her. Might he not ask questions and yet trace her out? It never occurred to Tatong that so great was the desire of the Nis to get away from Seoül that they would at the appointed time, or very near to it, leave without her rather than run the risk of delaying their journey in the hope of coming up with her.

"Oh! I must find Nakta!" declared Tatong, partly arising in her excitement, "and she will take me to the kind stranger. She will surely find him for me, she and Mokpo. Oh! he is so good, so good! He will buy me himself. I feel that he will. I will entreat him. I will promise to be the best slave master ever had."

“Let us not excite her further,” said the younger woman in a low tone to the older one. “The poor thing is almost beside herself now. Take her out and give her something to do while I finish with the meal. It will be better for her.”

The old woman arose. She looked at Tatong, speaking blithely,

“Come, let us go feed the pigs. I have heard them calling for their swill all the time we have been talking. Your arms look strong enough to carry it.”

“Oh! they are,” said Tatong, getting up quickly. “Give it to me,” eagerly.

The old woman looked at the younger one. Her expression said plainly, “Your medicine is very good.”

While they were in the yard Tatong learned several things from the old woman, for she was very talkative. Her name was Won-sa, and that of the younger woman, her daughter, Amnok. The older of the two men in the front apartment was the husband of Won-sa, and the other her son. They had lived in the country about twelve years. Prior to that time their home had been in the great city. There Amnok had met with some great trouble; Won-sa did not say what it was, but it was of such a nature Amnok could

not forget it. It had made her sad ever since. The tears filled her eyes many times as she thought of it.

Mr. San, Won-sa's husband, had been well-to-do when they had lived in the city and Won-sa and Annok had gone with the women of the very best class outside the wives of the nobles themselves. But a friend in whom he trusted had proved dishonest, and so Mr. San had lost nearly all he had. Only enough was saved to start again in this little home in the country. He and his son had worked hard, and while they could not live as they once had, still they had not known actual want. They even saved some money each year.

The pigs were fed, two fine, fat fellows, who squealed lustily when they caught a whiff of the swill that was being brought, then Tatong and Won-sa returned to the kitchen. The meal was now ready, and the men had come in to partake of it. Greatly to Tatong's surprise, Won-sa and Annok ate at their own little table at the same time with Mr. San and his son, and what gave Tatong still more astonishment, they talked with each other during the time. Surely there was something that had come to these people that made them so different from any she had ever seen. What it was Tatong was soon to know,

and Oh! what joy filled her as the knowledge came!

When the work in the kitchen was finished Won-sa and her daughter went forward to the front apartment, where the men seemed to be awaiting them. Tatong could hardly believe her ears when she was told she might follow. What could it mean? The women going to the front apartment, there to sit in company with the men! Had there ever been anything like it before? Surely she was dreaming, and would awaken soon to find it all a fancy, a delusion. But no, there it was taking place before her eyes, and she was certainly awake.

Tatong took her place in a corner, for, even with the encouragement that was given her, she could not sit out in the circle of light with the others. So she drew back within the corner, but was listening intently. There was nothing that would escape her.

They talked first about a market that was soon to be held at one of the neighboring villages. Some merchants from the interior were expected, and there would doubtless be good sale for the hats Mr. San and his son had been for some time making. It seemed they wanted a part of the money for a particular purpose. Whatever this purpose was, it was something

that lay close to their hearts. They talked about it until their eyes shone and their lips trembled. It had to do with some one who came now and then to see them, but who had not been in some time. It was one they revered more than any other they knew, for, Oh! he had done so much for them, had told them so many things to make them better and happier. Since his coming, even the earth had seemed different, the very flowers put on a new appearance, while the birds sang as they never had before.

He was coming back again before a great while, this one they revered, he who had told them the beautiful things. He was coming back to see if he could not have a place where he could go regularly to talk to those who wanted to hear more of what he had to tell. So he had asked those who had listened to his teachings and who believed what he had told them, and even those who were interested, but who did not yet believe, to get together all the money they could against the time of his returning, so that the place might be built. It was for this purpose Mr. San and his son were to lay aside the money they earned. Won-sa and Amnok, too, had a share to contribute, something more than a mite, which they had earned in various ways.

“I am so glad we have it to give,” said Won-

sa. "I wish it were more. But we will not stop until we have the place where the Jesus Doctrine can be taught."

"The Jesus Doctrine!" At sound of the words Tatong sprang to her feet, so great was her excitement. She uttered a cry that attracted the others. Then, as they glanced toward her, she exclaimed:

"The Jesus Doctrine! Oh! do you know about the Jesus Doctrine?"

They were now as much astonished by her excited repeating of the words as she had been when Won-sa had spoken. What did they mean to the little slave that she should show such emotion at mention of them?

It was Annok who spoke to her, her voice low and full of feeling.

"Yes, child, we have heard of the Jesus Doctrine, the beautiful, wonderful Jesus Doctrine. What is there in our knowing that moves you so?"

"O madam, I did not know that I would find any one out here who believed in that. It seems too good to be true!"

"Then, child, you, too, have heard it?"

Annok leaned nearer. Her large gray eyes, misty with the feeling that surged at her heart, were fastened eagerly, expectantly upon Tatong.

“Yes, madam, but only a little, Oh! so little, nothing like I long to hear, as I hope to hear, if only I can find the kind one for whom I am looking. It is to search for him that I came to get Nakta and Mokpo to help me.”

“Where did you learn of the Jesus Doctrine?” asked Mr. San, now looking at her intently.

“It was first told me by one I met on the streets, or, that is, it was about God, the Father, who sent Jesus to teach this doctrine. O sir,” she broke off suddenly, and looking at Mr. San, all her heart speaking through her eyes, “do *you* know of God, the Father?”

“I know of him who is called God,” said Mr. San, speaking slowly and feelingly. “He is the Great One who lives in the sky, who will reward us if we do well and punish us if we do evil. Is not that the same that you, too, have heard of him?”

“It is the same, but he who taught me, the kind, the gentle one, told me that God was the Father—O sir, that he was *my* Father.”

“That is doubtless so,” said Mr. San, “since the one who came teaching told us that he, this Great One, God, had made all, not only the world, but those who are in it. If he has made us, then he must be the Father.”

“Oh! it is such happiness to think of him as

my Father! to think that I have a father! But when I remember how great he is, and how grand is the home in which he lives, I fear that it cannot be true, that a wretched little slave like me could not have such a Father. O sir, I do so want to feel that there is one who cares for me, who is not willing that I should suffer so, who may some day send for me to go where he is."

She had partly arisen. She was bending toward them, her face now within the circle of light. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes were burning, her hands were clasped and outstretched. Her whole posture betokened sorrow, despair, entreaty. It touched the hearts of those about her, even those of Mr. San and his son, for, taught as they had been by the sweet "Jesus Doctrine," much that had been hard and unyielding had become soft and gentle. God, they had been told, would only be merciful to them as they were merciful to others. So it had inclined their hearts to such feelings as they had never known before. They could feel pity for such despair, such sorrow as they saw in the child before them.

"This God whom you call the Father can do many great and wonderful things," said Mr. San, speaking slowly. "If the one who knew positively of him told you, then it must be true.

He who came here teaching us said that God was great, but he is also pitiful; that he is not willing that any should perish. That must mean, too, that he is not willing any should suffer."

"It is strange you should think thus of a father. Child, as you must know, as you surely have seen, fathers, as a general thing, that is, the fathers whose hearts are not touched by the sweet Jesus Doctrine, care nothing for their little girls."

It was Annok who spoke. She had raised her eyes again to Tatong's face, and Oh! how sad was her own!

"I know it, madam, I know it! But I have heard that somewhere there are fathers who care for their little girls. It must be that it is in that country from which they have brought the Jesus Doctrine. I am sure now that it is. Oh! I have thought that somewhere there might be a father like that for me."

"And never a mother? Oh! child, have you never thought that you might have a mother too?"

Annok's voice had sunk almost to a whisper, but she was leaning so near to Tatong that every word was heard by the little slave distinctly. The child could see also her parted lips, across which there was a deep line of crimson, while

her eyes had so intense a glow Tatong could almost feel it upon her face.

The words struck the little slave strangely. A mother? No; she had never thought of that before. The idea heretofore entertained by her was of one who had power, the means of saving her from her wretched lot. Women had nothing of that kind. All the authority, the right of dictating, of saying what must be done, and what must not, came from the other side. So thus every hope of rescue, of change from the miserable lot to a happier one, was based upon the strength, the power of a father. But now Amnok's words stirred a new, a strange chord in her heart. The more she looked at Amnok the more perceptibly did that chord vibrate. A mother! What would it mean to have a mother? Oh! if it were one like Mrs. Ni and some of the other harsh women with whom Tatong's life had been cast—Oh! she felt that she would rather not. But if it were some one like Amnok now—Tatong's heart almost stopped beating, tears came and veiled her eyes so that Amnok's face shone only through a mist. The little slave could not tell why the tears came. It seemed so odd they should, for she felt no sorrow. It was anything else. It was something that filled her heart so it was almost ready to come out of her body. The

others about her must surely hear it beating, beating to get out.

Tatong pressed nearer, nearer still. She placed her fingers softly upon Annok's garment. Oh! if she could only put them upon Annok herself! She must. She could not keep from doing it. The impulse was too great. She could not control it. But just as the little yellow hand had lifted itself to follow the promptings of the heart, Annok's own fell upon it with a pressure that sent the warm blood tingling throughout Tatong's body. Never in all her life had she felt like that.

"Where was it you told me you had heard the Jesus Doctrine?"

It was Mr. San's voice that spoke, and he was looking at Tatong.

She answered him at once, but her voice trembled. Not yet had she control over herself.

"I first heard of God, the Father, from one I met on the street, and who was kind—Oh! so kind! Then he told me of a place where I could go to hear more. It was the Marble Pagoda. Do you not know where it is? It is the one that has had a part taken off, the one where many people say there are demons and spirits. But those who went to hear the kind one and the white brother never seemed afraid. There were so many beau-

tiful things that were told it kept them from thinking about the evil ones. But they had to be very secret, for those who hated the Jesus Doctrine had threatened to do many wicked things."

"I had heard that there were places where one could go to hear the Jesus Doctrine taught," said Mr. San, "but I did not know where they were. Now it rejoices me to hear of one. I must go soon, for my soul is hungry for more of that on which it has already fed."

"But O sir, there is no longer teaching in the Marble Pagoda," said Tatong suddenly, her eyes growing misty, her face sad. "There was something bad, Oh! so bad, that happened. The kind stranger was hurt. He was struck on the head with stones for telling of the Jesus Doctrine to some in the streets who had asked him. He has not been able to come again to the Marble Pagoda, and now the teaching must stop, for without him the white brother can not make things clear to the people."

"Too bad! too bad!" said Mr. San, and the expression of his face showed how keen was his disappointment.

"We shall have to wait now until the teaching one returns," said Won-sa, and she, too, sighed.

"That will be a long time from what he said,"

added Annok. "Oh! if we could only find another place where we could go and hear more! more of the sweet Jesus Doctrine."

"There is a place," said Tatong, her eyes glowing, her voice ringing out. "Oh, yes, there surely is! It is where the kind stranger is now sick, where the white brother lives. It is to find that place I have now come to look for Nakta; for, Oh! I am certain, she will know what to do and how to go. If she does not she will find out, for she is big and strong, and can do many things. Mokpo, too, will help her. He can go many, many miles, and never tire."

"Then we must find Nakta," said Won-sa, "for we, too, must go to this place where the Jesus Doctrine is taught. Oh! yes, we must! We cannot wait longer. It has been too long now. The little we have heard makes our hearts cry out to hear more."

"There is no doctrine man has ever taught that is like the Jesus Doctrine," said Mr. San, and now he was speaking to his son. "There is nothing of terror in it; no teaching of evil things. One has only to obey it to have things clear for this world, and clearer still for the one to which he is gone to await us. Heretofore those who taught us anything held before us the terrors of demons and of the soul haunted, even

to its tomb; or we were told of the forms taken by man at his death according to his behavior in this world, the form of sheep, horse, donkey, cow, and even of the wild animal. What hope, what happiness for the future lay in such an existence as that? To go on forever in this way, passing from animal to animal, with only the animal instinct and nature."

"Terrible! terrible!" replied Mr. Chon. "How could we ever have believed in such a thing?"

"Because we knew no better, but we do now. Because darkness covered our hearts, but now the light has shone in, thanks to the one who came teaching. We know now that the soul came from God, and to him it must go back again; must go back either to dwell with him, or to be sent to eternal punishment."

"And it is God who helps us escape this punishment, if only we believe in him and obey him," said Mr. Chon.

"Yes, that is it. If only we knew all that we have to do and how we must do it. There is much yet that is dark; so little, after all, that we have heard."

"It is the grace of him who is called Jesus, the Saviour, that helps us on the heavenly road," said Annok, her voice tremulous with emotion.

“Again and again the one who came to teach told us that. But not yet have we learned to speak to him as we ought. It is so hard to understand just where he is and how it is he hears when we do not see him. We must go and learn more.”

“That we must,” said Won-sa, “the very first opportunity we have. As soon as the child finds Nakta and she learns the way, then we, too, must ask her and go.”

A half hour later Annok and Tatong were standing at the door that looked out into the yard at the side. The moonlight was clear and beautiful. Where it sifted down through the leaves of the trees it made a carpet-like patchwork of shimmering light and shadow. Every object in the yard was distinct. The whole earth was covered with the loveliness, the glorious, silvery light.

“How beautiful it is up there!” said Tatong, pointing to the moon as it rode like a great globe of light through the deep, dark vault of the sky, seeming to chase before it the silvery stretches of cloud.

“But it is more beautiful beyond,” said Annok softly. “Oh! child, there is no describing how lovely is that place called heaven. He who came to teach tried to tell us, but even he could not find the words.”

“The place where God, the Father, lives?” asked Tatong quickly.

“The same. It is the home, too, of Jesus, the gentle, the pitying One, who came to die for us.”

“Oh!” cried Tatong, “Oh!” and clasping her hands against her breast, “I have heard of that! They killed him, but he came from the grave. He had the power to do that and many things besides. He has gone again to live with the Father, and he it is who talks to the Father for us. Oh! madam,” breaking off suddenly, “do you not know, will you not tell me, how we are to let him know when we want him to speak to God, the Father, for us?”

Annok’s eyes met Tatong’s. Those of the little slave were burning with excitement, her lips were parted, her fingers locking and interlocking so deeply was she excited.

“How readily would I do that, if only I could,” said Annok sadly; “but, alas, I know not as yet myself. But I have heard him who came to teach say that we are to talk to him, the One who is the Saviour, just as we would to one who is near us; that he will hear, though we cannot see him. But it seems so strange to be doing this way, and when no word, no sound, comes back again it makes the heart despair. He does not answer me,” continued Annok more sadly

than ever, "because I have not yet learned how to talk to him. I feel sure it is this. Oh! if only I did know how! But I will go and find out. Yes, as soon as you have found the one called Nakta. I will beg her to show me the way. Oh! I *must* know!"

"Then you will tell me, will you not?" asked Tatong wistfully.

"You may find out before I do," said Annok, "but if you do not, then I will tell you; yes, that I will. Oh! it is so beautiful, this Jesus Doctrine," she continued, "and all about it is so wonderful to know. But the most wonderful of all is that he cares for women; that he has said that they, too, may learn the doctrine and receive the reward for well-doing just the same as men. Ought not every woman to love that doctrine? Ought not every woman to do all in her power to learn it? I will! I will! There is nothing that shall keep me from going to learn more as soon as I find the way."

Then she seemed to come back to her surroundings. She laid her hand gently upon Tatong. The little slave felt its touch under her clothing. The flesh grew warm there, her heart began to beat faster, then faster.

"It is chill here," said Annok, "let us go in."

She turned aside into the kitchen for a mo-

ment or so, but she told Tatong to go straight on into the apartment where she and Won-sa slept. The old woman was already there. She was preparing to lay herself down upon her straw mat. She looked up as Tatong entered. The light was not very bright in the room, but it was sufficiently so to show objects with much degree of distinctness. The old woman glanced straight at Tatong.

“I see you have come at last to bed, Amnok. What have you done with the girl?”

“It is not Amnok,” said Tatong. “It is I, the slave.”

As she spoke she came nearer. Her face was now in the circle of light.

The old woman uttered an exclamation, then she murmured,

“The face troubles me! Yes, it troubles me! What can it mean?”

Even after she had placed her head upon the straw pillow and was almost asleep she kept muttering,

“It is like—well, what is it like? I must know. I must remember. I will. I will ask questions.”

CHAPTER XIII.

IN THE SHELTER OF THE BEAUTIFUL PLACE.

EARLY the next morning, as Tatong had gone into the yard to carry some scraps for Kijun, Won-sa and Annok, who were engaged in domestic duty near at hand, heard a sudden, glad cry from her. The next moment she ran in, her manner excited, her eyes shining, while she gasped forth the words,

“Nakta! Yes, Nakta and Mokpo! Come and see.”

The old woman and her daughter went quickly without, then turned toward the direction indicated by Tatong. Yes, there was a great ox coming slowly down the hill, a wonderful pavilion on his back, and in the pavilion a woman, whose head was bound by a gay handkerchief of red and yellow.

“Nakta!” said Tatong again. “It is Nakta!”

Then she went toward the palings, passed out through the opening, and stood in the road.

The big ox came on slowly. Neither he nor his mistress seemed to be in a hurry. Nakta’s face, which had been held upward a few mo-

ments ago, was now bent down toward something with which she was occupied. Thus she did not see Tatong until she was almost opposite the opening. When she did so, an exclamation escaped her. She spoke to the ox, and he stopped almost instantly.

“The little slave!” exclaimed Nakta. “How did you come here, young one?”

“I came to hunt you,” said Tatong at once, and drawing near to Mokpo’s glossy side, “but Oh! it was such a long way I thought I never would find you! I got lost and wandered about. Even Kijun could not help me; so in the dark we came here. Oh! they have been so good!” indicating Won-sa and Amnok, who had now drawn near.

Nakta looked at them and spoke.

“They let me stay,” continued Tatong, “or I should have had to go on, on in the darkness, and there might have been wild beasts to tear me.”

“But I told you the way,” said Nakta. “Do you not remember? It was very clear, I thought.”

“I could not get it all. There was so much. It was the chestnut trees on the hill that troubled me. I could not find them.”

“They are only a little further on,” said Nakta, “but down toward the other side of the hill. That is why you could not find them. You

took the wrong turning. Had you gone the other way, you would have found Nakta and Mokpo. It is but an hour's journey from here. Nakta but seldom comes this road," she added. "The other is the nearer and the better. But to-day there was a woman on the way I wanted to see." She stopped, then, changing her tone, asked, "Has it been even worse with you, poor thing, that you have felt obliged to come as Nakta advised?"

"Yes," replied Tatong, her voice quivering, "they were going to sell me, and to one who was even more cruel than they. I could not bear it, so in the night I slipped away. They came near finding me again, for the next morning, as I was coming from the Marble Pagoda, where I had stayed that night, I saw the two sons of Mr. Ni. They were on the street and looking for me. How frightened I was! I crept between the huts and stayed there until they had gone."

"And you have really come to hunt for Nakta, for Nakta and Mokpo?" asked the woman again, her eyes fixed with a pleased expression on Tatong. "You have come because you felt you could trust them?"

"Oh! yes," said Tatong, "I can! I know I can!"

"You never shall have cause to regret that!"

declared Nakta, her eyes shining. Then she bent toward Tatong.

“But I am going away from home to-day. What shall we do about that? Can you not stay here till Nakta and Mokpo come back? *She* is yonder,” nodding her head in the direction of the hill along which she had come. “She might not do right unless Nakta were there.”

Tatong knew very well whom Nakta meant. It was the old woman with whom she had already had the encounters that had filled her with such terror. No; she could not go on to Nakta’s home and be with old Kimri. She felt ready to cry, but Nakta continued.

“I am going to the city, but I shall be back in two days more.”

“Oh!” cried Tatong, “oh!” and swayed her body back and forth in her excitement, “that is the very thing that I want! It was to hunt the kind one that I had come to seek you; to beg you to help me. Don’t you remember I told you about him, how good he was, of the many beautiful things he said? It was he who told me of God, the Father. I want to find him. I want to hear more that he has to say. I tried myself, but could not. I wandered about in the darkness. I asked many, but no one knew. And he has been hurt, too! That is why I long the

more to find him, that I may tell him how sorry I am. How could they have hurt him when he is so good and kind. Oh!" reaching her arms up to Nakta, "if you will only take me to the place where the kind one is, to the place where there is always talk of God, the Father, and the Tender One, his Son, who came to die!"

Tatong, in her excitement, spoke rapidly, but even if she had caught all the words Nakta would not have fully understood. It was true that she had more than once recalled the conversation with Tatong on that evening when they walked toward the dwelling of Mr. Ni, Mokpo bearing the burden of clothes. It was all so strange what the little slave had told, what she had then heard for the first time, of the Wonderful One, who was called God, the Father. He was not only kind, but he was mighty, for he had made both heaven and earth. One thing Nakta remembered more distinctly than aught else, and that was that God, the Father, cared for women as well as men. She had thought again and again of what a joyful thing that was. If only it could be true. But now she looked in perplexity from Tatong to Won-sa and Annok, and from them back to Tatong again.

The gentle Annok drew near. She raised her

sweet face to that of Mokpo's mistress, and began to speak in the most musical voice Nakta had ever heard.

"The poor child is much excited. Her heart is so full of what she would say it runs like a stream from her lips. There is one in the city she would find if she could. He has been so good to her. She calls him the kind stranger. He has not only been good, but he has told her of so much that is beautiful; for one thing, of God, the Father, of whom we also have heard," added Annok with reverent voice, "and of Jesus, his Son, whose sweet doctrine is one all peace and love."

"You, too, know of God, the Father!" exclaimed Nakta, her eyes glowing. "Can it then be really true? I have thought perhaps," nodding toward Tatong, "that she was only dreaming. It seemed too wonderful to believe that one so good and great could care for so low a thing as woman."

"He does care," replied Annok, her eyes growing misty. "That is the most beautiful part, that he should care. He has said that he is not willing that any should perish, not even women."

"He cares as much for me with my old and wrinkled face," declared Won-sa with deep feel-

ing as she, too, drew near, "as he does for you two with your younger and fresher ones, or even for that sweet child there. When we first heard it, like you, we thought it too good to be true; but now we know that it is. We can no longer doubt it, for one has come teaching us who has shown us that it is true; and he has read to us many messages from a book that is written in the very words of this Great One, who is the One God of heaven and of earth."

"Oh! will you not take me to find this good one, the kind stranger?" entreated Tatong again of Nakta. "You are big and strong, and you know so much. Mokpo, too, is smart, and he is so ready to go where you say. He and you together could find the place. I am sure that you could."

"She means the place in the city where the Jesus Doctrine is taught," said Amnok again. "We did not know that there was one, but she says that there is. Oh! how happy we have been to hear it, for, since he who came teaching went away, our hearts have been starved for more of the sweet and precious things on which they have fed. If we, too, could but find this place and hear again the beautiful things that fill us with such joy!"

"Oh! if we only could!" said Won-sa. "There

would be nothing too hard after such happiness."

Nakta glanced quickly at Amnok, then at Won-sa. A look of sudden resolution came over her face, there was more light in her eyes than had yet been.

"If you care so much as that, you shall go," she declared. "Yes, both of you. See! there is room here for four, and Mokpo is not only the strongest, but the most patient of beasts. He will carry all safely, never fear. We will search until we have found this place, this wonderful place, to call even the name of which seems to make each one of you so happy. We will never stop asking until we have found the way. Yes," she concluded, looking from one to the other, "not only the little slave shall go, but you and you."

"Do you really mean it?" asked Won-sa, her withered old face beaming with joy.

"I do."

"And now?"

"Yes, now."

"Well, come in then. There is some preparation that must be made, and I must leave word for my husband and son. They are gone for straw. How glad they, too, will be, for when we have found the way we can show it to them."

On the road to the city Nakta told them that when she had left home that morning she had been bound partly on a secret mission, hence she had really slipped away without letting anyone know. However, the errand could now wait.

Tatong understood her if the others did not. It was old Kimri she wished to elude. Later Nakta told her that if they stayed the day over in the city as they expected, that her mother would very likely come seeking her. She had her own mode of conveyance, and knew how to take care of herself.

“Oh! will she not do something dreadful?” asked Tatong. Even at this distance from old Kimri she felt the fear of her return.

“She will only let her eyes blaze,” replied Nakta, “and utter cries and make threats. But that cannot be helped, and this must be done.”

It lacked only a short time of the closing of the gates when they reached the wall of the city. Though Mokpo was stout and willing, the load had been heavy, and his mistress had stopped him several times to rest him.

On entering the city they spent an hour or more going from one narrow street to another, and asking such questions as they thought safe. At length, discouraged because they had met

with no better success, they decided to spend the night with a friend of Nakta, and early on the following morning renew the search. Surely some one could then be found who could direct them to that precious place which every heart, even Nakta's, was now longing to find.

They had not more than started out on the following morning, when a quick exclamation from Tatong attracted the others.

"It is he! it is he!" she cried. "Look! Look!"

They followed the direction indicated. A youth was coming along the street at quick pace, his head well up, his hat pushed back. He was now very near them and they could see his face plainly. It was a fine face, bright and prepossessing. He carried himself, too, with ease and grace, while his dress, somewhat different from that of other youths about him, was spotlessly clean and well made.

"It is he!" said Tatong again, "the son of the kind one. Oh! call to him," she entreated of Nakta. "My tongue is so weak because of what I see, he will not hear me."

Nakta hesitated.

"But will not he?—" she began.

"Oh! he is not like the others," Tatong assured her. "He will not mind. Call to him. Do not

let him go! He knows the way to the beautiful place. He will show us. Oh! to think that after all we are to find it! the place where the kind one is, where all the beautiful things are told!"

Kitze was by this time very nearly opposite to them. As the street was narrow, he could almost have reached out and touched Mokpo's great, glossy side. But he was going on without noticing, when Nakta's call arrested him. He turned quickly, and was much surprised when he saw her beckoning to him. He approached, and, standing almost beside Mokpo, looked up at them, his face full of enquiry as well as surprise. Ere Nakta could speak he had recognized Tatong, and was giving her a smile of greeting. Her tongue was unlocked now. The sight of his face, so kind, so gentle, brought back the past to her in such vivid manner that it gave her the words with which to speak as well as the voice.

"The place where the kind one is and the white brother, which is your home, too! Will you not tell us where it is? Oh! we so long to go to it, that we may hear all the beautiful things that are told there. I tried to find it once myself. I wandered about in the night, but no one could tell me. Then Nakta and Mokpo and the others came to help me. But they, too, have

looked in vain until now you are here, and I know will lead us to it. Oh! how happy we shall be when we have found it!"

"If it is to the mission house you want to go, of course I will show you the way," said Kitzze. "It isn't very far from here, only across five or six streets. Just keep me in sight," he added to Nakta, "for I am going there now."

He started off briskly, while Mokpo, with long, stately strides kept well abreast of him.

As Nakta turned to address a remark to Amnok she noticed that her face was very pale. She was trembling, too, and her eyes were burning with an unusual brightness. At this moment they were fixed closely upon the form of Kitzze as he moved along the street. Nakta had to speak to her twice ere she got her attention.

"Are you sick?" Nakta asked kindly.

"No," said Amnok, "I am not sick. Why do you ask?" Then ere she had given Nakta time to reply, she added, "The boy! Did you notice his face? How nobly it speaks! Whose son did you say he was? Does he really live at the place where the Jesus Doctrine is taught?"

Although Amnok had spoken to Nakta, she was nevertheless looking at Tatong.

"He is the son of the kind stranger," replied Tatong, "of him who has so many beautiful

things to tell. There is another name by which they call him, but I do not know it now."

Again and again Annok's eyes followed the youth walking with such erect form and gracefully poised head along the streets. Once she turned and said in a low voice to Won-sa:

"The face troubles me. The lad is a stranger, and never before has it filled my eyes, yet it seems to have been in my heart. It is there now. I shut my eyes, but I still see it. What does it mean?"

"Somewhere you have doubtless seen him," said Won-sa, "but have forgotten it. Maybe it was about the market places."

"No," said Annok, "it was not. You know I have not been to the markets in several years, not even to the city since—."

She could not finish. The words seemed sticking in her throat. Her heart began to beat violently. She dropped her head, her eyes being suffused with tears.

"Don't think of it now, poor Annok!" said Won-sa, her own voice husky; "think rather of the beautiful place to which we are going, of the precious things we are to hear. The boy has said it is not far. We shall soon be there."

They came shortly to the mission house. There was not only one building, but three

within one enclosure. Everything was neat and clean, the little plot of ground in front beautifully kept. All presented such contrast to the filth and squalor they had but recently left behind them.

The houses had roofs of tiling. The mud walls had been covered with a cement that had been smoothly pressed and whitened. Door and windows were of neat bamboo frame work. There was even a tiny pane or two of glass fitted into the latter.

Kitze led them into a front apartment. It seemed to be the regular reception room of the mission, for quite a crowd was already gathered there. The apartment was long and well lighted, for the windows were thrown wide open, and through them the sunlight came in; that is, as much of it as could find its way down between the roofs of the houses. The ceiling was higher than that of the average Korean dwelling, while neat, fresh paper covered the inner walls. Hung all about were beautiful scrolls with illuminated lettering, pressed flowers and ferns in rustic framings, groups of photographs, and one or two large pictures of Bible subjects. There were also some jars in which freshly-cut flowers had been placed.

Tatong thought she had never seen anything

more beautiful. She held her breath. Could it be that she was really awake? Oh! maybe she had fallen asleep, and this was only a dream of that sweet place which she had many times before seen only in that way! But no, it was all real, for there were Nakta, Amnok and Won-sa sitting beside her, and all around were the stir and the murmur of voices from the waiting crowd.

Neither the kind stranger nor the white brother had come in yet. It was for them the crowd waited. Every morning of the week days at this hour the eager, expectant ones gathered, some come to enquire for the first time concerning the "Jesus Doctrine," and others, having received part knowledge, longing for more. There were those, too, who, "filled with the story," were beginning to tell it to others.

All around was heard the murmur of voices of men, women and children, and all were talking of the same subject, of the precious "Jesus Doctrine," so sweet and wonderful in everything that it taught.

The ease and freedom with which the men and women held conversation with each other struck Nakta with astonishment. She had never seen anything like it before. And the men seemed to treat the women not only with pa-

tience, but with consideration, some times even stopping what they were saying themselves to listen to them.

Directly Mr. Ross came in. His appearance was greeted with a little outburst of delight. Many arose to receive him. He passed a greeting to all, said many kind and pleasant things to individuals, then calling to him a young man, who had recently graduated at the Government School, and who had acted as his assistant since Mr. Ko had been ill, began the usual plan of teaching and of religious service. First he asked questions, then commented upon the answers. After this was done he opened his Testament and read, the young man conveying to them the meaning. Once, twice, three times he stopped and closed the book, but each time they besought him to go on.

“Don’t stop! Read more! read more!” one voice after another begged.

He closed the book, then uttered words, words of earnest entreaty to him whose ear was inclined to hear, to God, the Father, while all about him the earnest, reverent faces were grouped. There was scarce one who did not understand what he was doing, even Nakta had a conception of it, for, as he had begun, Tatong had leaned over to press her hand, while she whispered excitedly:

“Oh! he is talking to God, the Father.”

The devotions ended, a sweet, clear voice began a hymn with organ accompaniment. So busily had Tatong and her friends been watching and listening to Mr. Ross, hanging upon his every word, that they had not noticed when his wife came in and took her place at the instrument. Now, as she began to sing, they started, almost with fright, and turned quickly to see whence the sounds came. Never had they heard anything like this! and the player herself, so frail and white, called forth their astonishment, then admiration. And how had she gotten those sweet spirits into the box? and what were the sounds they were making? What were they trying to say? Tatong knew about the singing, for she had heard it before, so she tried to explain to Nakta. Amnok and Won-sa, too, understood the singing, for it was not new to them either. The missionary who had gone out among the hills teaching and borne to them the gospel story had sung for them.

Clear and tender the notes rang out from the singer at the organ:

“I heard the voice of Jesus say,
‘Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast.’”

After the singing there was nearly an hour spent in hearing testimonies and the reports of those who had gone seeking souls.

One man arose, his face working with the emotion that swayed him, his eyes moist. He wanted to testify as to the precious power of the "Jesus Doctrine." In his village the cholera had raged. All around them the victims had fallen. The little band of Christians had gotten together and prayed, and the ravages of the dread disease had grown less and less, then ceased. He had come to praise and to give thanks.

A blind woman spoke with trembling yet fervent voice. For many years her eyes had been sealed. All that she had had to look forward to ere the entrance of the "Jesus Doctrine" into her heart was the wandering after death in awful darkness with the demons and other terrible spirits she could not see howling all about her and seeking ever to torment her. But now she knew that in the home of him who had sent the doctrine, the light would come again. She would see! Yes, praise to the blessed Jesus One, she would see!

A small party of young men had come to receive further instruction, then to scatter, each to his own village, to tell many eager, waiting ones

what they had heard. Oh! how many there were anxious to hear, waiting for the entrance of the precious words that gave light! Everywhere they went carrying the joyous tidings there were those who begged for more, always more.

One gave testimony who had suffered cruelly for the doctrine's sake. He had been persecuted, driven from place to place, spit upon, beaten, and once left for dead. But his wounds had healed now, and he was ready, nay, anxious to go back again. "I want to tell even my enemies," he said, "of the peace that is in the 'doctrine.' I want them to share with me."

For one and all the missionary had words of helpfulness or of commendation. He told them of his gladness of heart that so many had stood steadfast in the faith. He encouraged them to still more zealous effort, and finally dismissed them by invoking on them the blessing of the God they had gathered to serve.

Nakta, Annok, Won-sa and Tatong had listened from beginning to end with varied emotions struggling in the heart of each. To Nakta it was all so new, strange, indescribable, yet it left a peace, a gladness, an enkindling of hope in her heart it had never known before. Oh! she must learn more! She must come again to this beautiful place, where there were only kind

ways and gentle faces, and such words spoken as it made the very blood tingle to hear.

To Annok and Won-sa it all sounded as the same sweet old story, yet a story of which they could never tire. How it rejoiced them to hear it again! But the recitals of those who had suffered for the gospel's sake reached a depth in their hearts never stirred before. How strong as well as tender this "Jesus Doctrine" could make one who believed in it!

They lingered after the others had gone away. It was for Tatong's sake they remained now. They knew the errand on which the little slave had come. How full her heart was of it! How she longed to see the one whom she believed of all others would rescue her. Tatong had at last talked freely to Annok and Won-sa. She had told them all. Both had expressed the deepest pity for her; but with Annok's pity there had been mingled something else, a tenderness, a yearning she could not describe. If they had not been so poor, how gladly would she have paid the money for the little slave and kept her for all her own. It hurt her that she could not, that another must do it. She tried to persuade Tatong to go back and live with them as long as she cared to, months, years, if she would. They were poor, but there was enough for her, and in

return she could do them many helpful services. But as much as Tatong felt herself drawn to Annok, as deep as was the feeling that made her heart throb at sound of her voice or touch of her hand, there was ever the fear that if she went back Mr. Ni or his sons would sometime come to claim her, and if there was no money to pay for her, would they not still do the cruel thing they had planned? No; she must see the kind one; she must ask him to have pity on her, to help her, for Oh! he surely would! Had he not said such words to her as made her feel he would do it? Was it not for this she had had the courage to come back to the city, though fearing at any moment the Ni's might discover her?

Kitze had told Mr. Ross that Tatong had come specially to see his father; so, when the services were over, the missionary went at once to the little group composed of Annok, Won-sa, Nakta and Tatong. He not only showed them how glad he was that they had come, but he brought his wife, too, to greet them.

He told Tatong that the kind one was now getting well of his wounds. He had been sitting up for some days, but he was not strong enough as yet to again take part in the teaching, so this was why he had not been in the

room. She might go now to see him if she wished. Her friends would wait for her.

Mr. Ko was sitting by one of the windows. There was a book on his knee. As Tatong came near she saw that it was one like that from which the white brother had read. His face still showed traces of the suffering through which he had been, and there was a small bandage across one of the wounds that had not healed.

He looked up as Tatong approached and smiled. He even called her by her name. The blood rushed in a great wave of joy through her veins. He had not forgotten her!

“How are you, little one?” he asked, as she raised her eyes, timid, yet shining to his.

“O sir, I am very well, but I am in much trouble, and I have come to you. Oh! pity me if it is wrong.”

“It is not wrong, my child, when one is in trouble to go to another who can help. What is the trouble? Do not fear to tell me.”

“Those with whom I lived, who have been so hard to me, are going away, and, as they do not care to take me, they have made the plan to sell me, and O sir, it is to one who is even more cruel, one old and dreadful.”

She began to sob now. The woes through which she had gone, the peril that threatened, all had come back so vividly.

He reached out his hand and laid it soothingly upon her shoulder.

“Don’t cry, poor little one! We will do all we can, I and the white brother. You will stay here, and when they come—well, they shall not take you. Let that promise stop your tears. You may go now and tell your friends; but, wait, I will go with you.”

At last, at last she was to be free! and made so by the kind one! Oh! the joy of it! Would not her heart quite beat itself away if it kept on as it was going? But in the midst of it there came the thought of Amnok, of Amnok, the sweet, the gentle, the kind. She was not to go back with Amnok. Perhaps she would never see her again. Tatong put her hand to her throat. There was such a strange feeling there.

Mr. Ross, as soon as he had guided Tatong to Mr. Ko, had returned to the front apartment, and was now earnestly engaged, with the young man’s help, in conversation with Amnok, Won-sa and Nakta.

Mr. Ko approached slowly, beside him Tatong, happy beyond words to describe when she remembered what he had promised her, but sad, too, as she thought of Amnok. How was she to part from Amnok?

They reached the door leading into the front apartment. Mr. Ko passed in first.

“The poor child is in sore straits,” he began, speaking to Mr. Ross, “and I have promised her—.”

But here he stopped, the words died upon his lips, a pallor overspread his face; he threw his hand out quickly to lean against the door framing for support.

At the first sight of him Amnok had arisen, a cry broke from her, but now she stood motionless as though transfixed. The only sound was from her breathing, which came quick and hard.

“It is she!” cried Mr. Ko. “Oh, Amnok!”

Then he stretched out his hands to her, but she still stood without movement. It was doubtless that she had not the power to move.

“I do not wonder that you come not. Oh! Amnok, I was hard, cruel, but all is changed now.” He dropped his head for a moment upon his breast, then he raised it, and fastened his eyes upon Mr. Ross, while he said,

“Standing there is the wife, the lost one of whom I have told you. Oh! plead with her for me!”

CONCLUSION.

A STONISHED, touched, Mr. Ross drew near. He had heard the sad story of Mr. Ko's life, and from Mr. Ko himself, how he had been parted from the wife he deeply loved, a young woman of rare gifts of manner and of character, parted through misrepresentations, the plotting of another. This was an old woman, a friend of Amnok's mother. She came often to the house. She showed him proofs of what she stated, or, at least, so he thought them then in his pride and anger. She got others, too, to tell him things about Amnok. She loved him, her husband, no more. She had declared it again and again, and she had often said she wished that she could be free. Afterwards, when he learned how she had been wronged, that she was innocent, his grief was bitter, and he resolved to atone to the fullest. But it was too late. Amnok had gone away with her father and mother, and, though he had searched for her faithfully ever since, he had never found her until to-day. Greater had grown the desire to find her, deeper and deeper his repentance for the past, after the teachings of the "Jesus Doctrine" had entered

his heart. Now more than ever he realized how cruel he had been. He had taken their child away, their oldest born, a bright boy of two and a half years, who had more than ever wrapped himself about the mother's heart since the strange disappearance of the other child, a little girl of five or six months, who had never been found.

Yes, at last he had found Annok, his wife, his lost one, she who had been so cruelly wronged. He loved her more than ever. Oh! how it pierced his heart that she could not forgive him, that she would not come to him! But he did not blame her.

Mr. Ross approached Annok. He saw with keener eye than did the husband, so unstrung through the suddenness of the shock and by his grief.

Annok did not move, she did not speak because she could not. Joy at sight of him, all the events of the past rushing over her in a great wave of remembrance had completely overwhelmed her. She longed to go to him, but she could not. Her lips were burning to speak his name, but they would not open.

Mr. Ross placed his hand upon hers; he compelled her to look at him, gentleness, persuasion were in his voice.

“He is pleading with you,” he said, pointing to Mr. Ko. “His heart is all broken over the past. Will you not go to him?”

Though she could not understand the words, yet Amnok caught the meaning. But it was the touch more than anything else that aroused her. It seemed to be just what she needed to awaken her from the lethargy. Consciousness, movement returned. She pressed forward and threw herself at her husband’s feet, murmuring his name.

He stooped, raised her, and pressed her to his heart, while his tears fell fast upon her head.

Varied had been the emotions with which the others had looked upon the scene: Nakta with astonishment, Won-sa at first in indignation at sight of her faithless son-in-law, then with relief, happiness when she saw how it was going to end; but to Tatong the most acute joy came. Oh! now she would not have to leave Amnok! She belonged to the kind one, and he would not let her go. And had he not promised to keep her, too, the poor little slave?

Mr. Ko still remained standing with his arm about his wife. It seemed he could never let her go. At that moment there was a noise without. The old man who kept the gate seemed to be remonstrating with some one. Suddenly

there came an exclamation of rage, then words of defiance, that caused the others to look around and Nakta to start quickly to the door. But ere she reached it a form appeared in the opening, and the next moment old Kimri stood before them.

“O yes!” she cried to Nakta, “O yes! you thought to get away from me, but I have found you. I met one who saw you, and he showed me the way. I want to know now why you have come here and what place this is. You thought to keep it from me, but you haven’t. Speak, I tell you!”

Ere Nakta could reply Kimri’s eyes, sweeping the room with their hawk-like gaze, had fastened upon Mr. Ko and Amnok. Astonishment, dismay, hate, each showed itself upon her repulsive face.

“Together!” she said, “together!” and flew at Amnok as though she would tear her away from the arms that were about her.

Mr. Ross caught her.

“You must do no violence,” he said, making gestures to her as he spoke. “Why are you so angry? and why do you wish to hurt another?”

“It is she,” spoke up Mr. Ko. “It is the one who injured us. Listen to me, Kimri. I have

long since found out that all you told me was false; that your heart was wickedness, blackness itself. I have been restored to the loved one of whom you deprived me. You can do us no further hurt. I forgive you, though the God, whom I have learned to serve, knows how hard it is. Go in peace, poor wretched sinner."

"No, I can't hurt you further," almost screamed old Kimri, "neither one of you now that you are together, for you will watch like the hawk and she like the tigress whose young are threatened. But ha! how I have made her suffer in the past! Even more than you, for men's hearts are not like women's. There isn't so much of them with which to feel. It was her face that did it. I wanted to know that one of her kind could suffer the same as Kimri. I made here suffer, too, in another way. I took away the brat with face like hers. I threw it where the wild beasts could devour it. Think of their feeding on such fine flesh as that! But they didn't," she continued, now almost savagely. "One came who took her away. I have since learned all about it. He kept her for his slave; he sold her to another for the same purpose. Ha! think of the child of the fine Amnok, Amnok of the lady-like ways and beautiful face, being brought up as a slave! And no slave could

have had a harder time, beaten, starved as she has been by the family of the weaver, Mr. Ni."

From the way she caught herself and tried to go on with something else it was evident that Kimri had not intended to utter the name. But she had, and more than one pair of ears had heard it.

With a little cry Tatong sprang forward, her eyes burning, her hands extended toward Mr. Ko and Annok. Then, seemingly overcome by the thought of what she had intended to do, stopped, trembling.

For the first time old Kimri saw her, for until now she had been partly shut from view behind Nakta.

"Little beast!" she cried, and started toward her, her hideous old face working with hatred.

But Won-sa interfered. She came between Tatong and the advancing Kimri and extended her hand threateningly.

"Keep away!" she said. "You have worked trouble enough already." Then to Annok, "I see it plainly. Now I know why the face troubled me. It was like yours. Once I took her for you. Annok, your long-lost child is before you."

"My child?" questioned Annok, then seemed about to faint, but her husband's arm still sup-

ported her. "Oh, can it be? Yes, I see that it is. I can no longer doubt. Even before I knew the truth my heart was strangely moved to her."

Quickly were Annok's arms around Tatong, and their sobs mingled, while over them stood Mr. Ko ready, too, to take his long-lost child to his heart as soon as her mother released her. The others stood by with misty eyes. As to old Kimri, with a cry of rage she disappeared, and none of them, not even Nakta, ever saw her again. But as her mother had given her away when a helpless child because of the rage she felt for the way her husband had abandoned her, and had only gone back to her when Nakta had married and had a home, there could be little real affection or regret on Nakta's part.

At last the little slave had found not only her earthly father, but also her mother, and Oh! the joy of it! Never again would there be blows and hunger and cruelty, but instead love and happiness and the shelter of the beautiful place, where always she could hear of the other Father who loved her with even greater love, and whose hand had prepared such joys in the home above as earthly eye had not seen or earthly heart tasted.

There was still another child to be welcomed to Annok's heart, Kitze the manly, who, al-

though it was in Korea, was not ashamed to have her arms about him, but instead was filled with gladness as he laid his head against her.

Won-sa, accompanied by Nakta, hastened home to carry the glad news. Soon in a neat dwelling not far from the mission house Amnok's mother, father, and brother were established. Now they could come daily to hear the sweet teachings of the "Jesus Doctrine." Their hearts desired no more. In time Nakta came, too, to live close by the mission house, for she had so persuaded her husband. It was not long before Mr. Ross took them both into the church earnest, humble believers.

I am sure my story would be incomplete did I bring it to a close without again mentioning Kijun, the brave, the faithful. Of course, he had to come to the mission home with Tatong and the others, and, of course, he remained a welcomed and privileged inmate. Should you go there to-day you would see frequently together—either in the mission compound or moving along the street, bound on some errand—two four-footed companions, a little gray and black shaggy dog and a stately ox. They are Kijun and Mokpo, for, in her gratitude for the blessings the sweet "Jesus Doctrine" brought to her, Nakta had given the latter as a four-footed

servant to the mission, and a faithful, valued one he made, always cheerfully doing what he was called on to do.

Those who come to the mission house now do not have to do so with caution and with fear, for seldom is it that they meet with opposition or with persecution; neither are those who go abroad to proclaim the "doctrine" forbidden to do so within the walls, as was once the case. The king himself has issued the decree, "The missionaries shall not be molested." Thus does the sweet, glad "doctrine" spread. Thus does the day break through the once dark night of Korea.

